

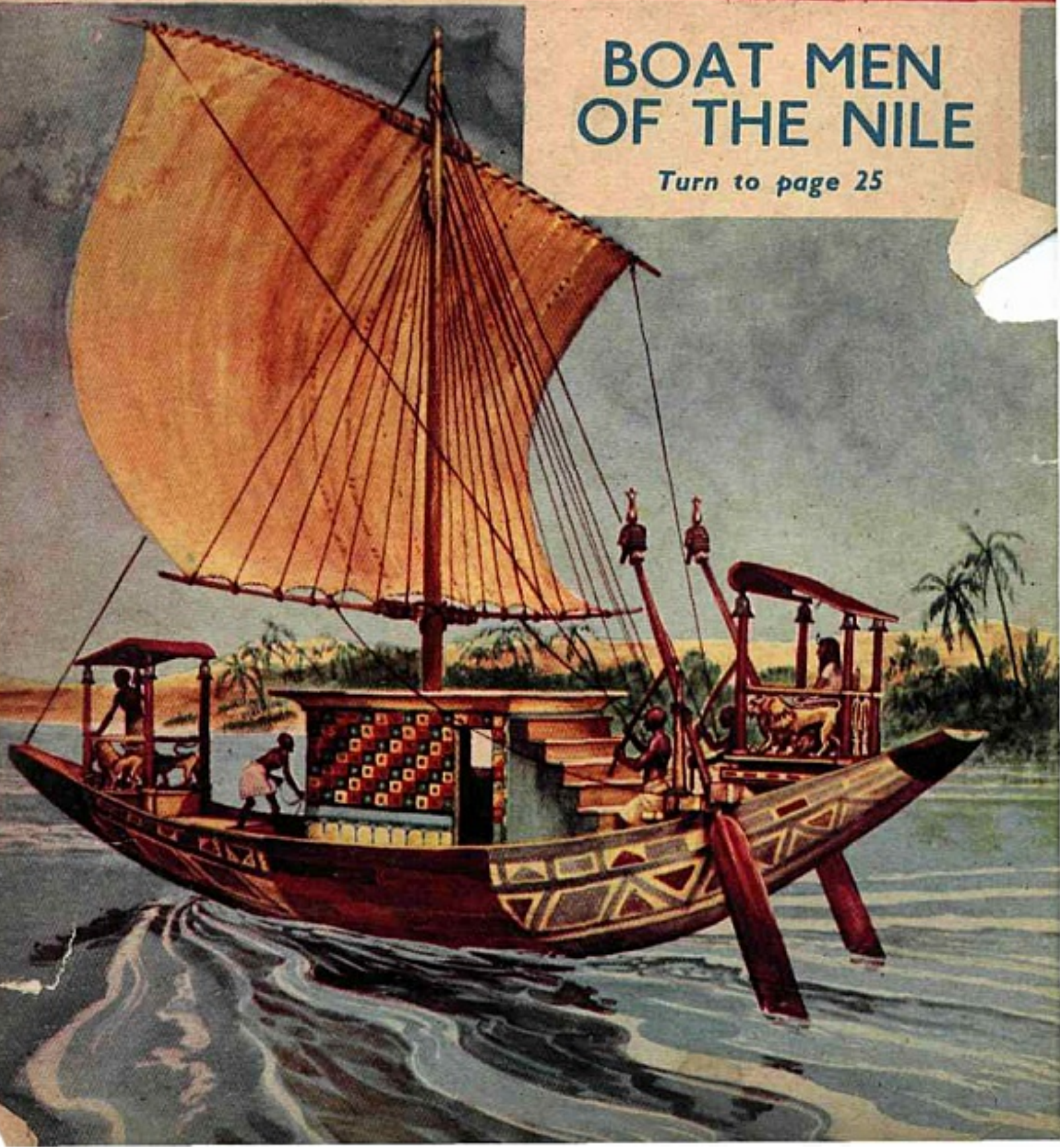
CHANDAMAMA

AUGUST 1972

92 PAISE

BOAT MEN OF THE NILE

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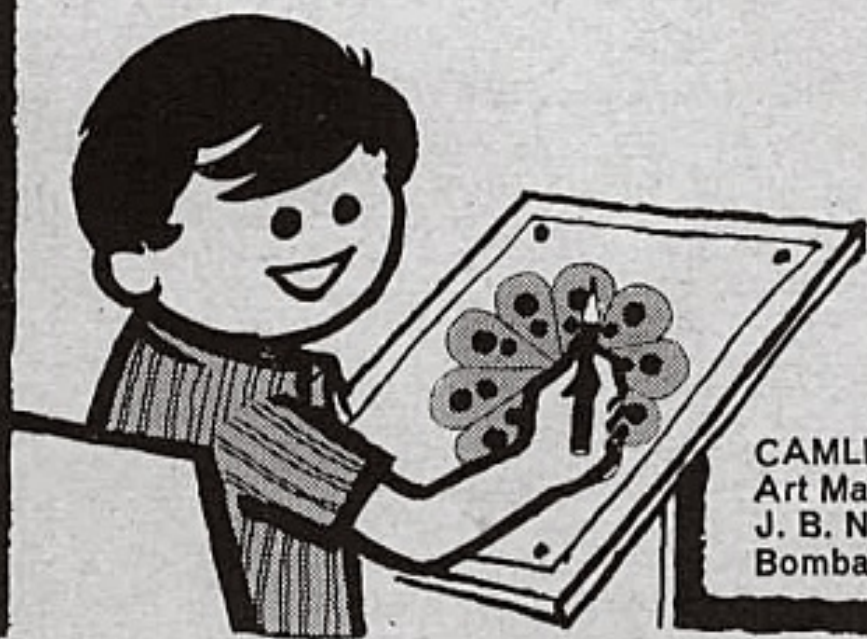


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CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 3 No. 2

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Long ago, a thick sheet of ice covered much of Europe. The weather was bleak and cold and the Winters long and hard. The Summer was so short that it never had time to melt the great ice-sheet.

A few people lived on the land on the edge of the great ice-cap. In Winter they roamed around searching for food, which was hard to find.

The men-folk spent their days hunting the big polar bears,

the white-haired snow foxes and the huge, woolly mammoths, for as well as meat to eat, these animals gave them fine, warm skins to make clothes.

The chief of these people was named Rindar. He was tall and strong and wise and he looked after the other members of his tribe, trying to lead them to the places where there were animals to be found.

Not only did the tribe have to find animals to hunt, they also had to find caves to live in, for in spite of their warm clothes made from animal skins, it was much too cold for them to live in the open.

However, they could never live in one place for long. They had to be always on the move, following the herds of reindeer and other animals on which they depended for food and each time they moved, they had to find new places to live.

HOW RINDAR TAMED THE WILD REINDEER

By far the best at findings caves in which to live was a little dwarf, so small and agile that he could clamber among the rocks with ease.

Also, the dwarf liked to roam about the great ice-field. He would take food with him and remain away for many days. When he returned, he would give Rindar beautiful white fox furs, from the animals which he had killed and they were made into fine clothes for Rindar's wife, Guda, and his little daughter, named Gud.

Late one evening, the dwarf returned from one of his trips on the ice-field with a strange present for Gud. It was a small, fluffy, polar bear cub. He had found it on the ice, with no mother to look after it and he was sure the mother had fallen down a crevasse in the ice and been killed, so he had brought the baby bear home for Gud to look after.

Gud was delighted with her present, but there was one diffi-

culty. What should she give the baby bear for food? It was only a small bear and it needed to be fed on milk, but milk was one of the things which the tribe did not have. They were hunters, living on the meat from the animals they killed.

Rindar gave the baby bear some meat from the pot, but it was no good, it only made the poor little cub ill.

"We must leave the bear behind when we leave," said Rindar, "for we have no food for it and we must go soon in pursuit of the reindeer herds. They are on the move again."

"But it will die if left alone," wailed Gud.

"Perhaps its mother is not dead and she will find it and look after it, consoled Rindar, but it was no good. Gud was sobbing bitterly at the thought of leaving the cub.

Rindar hated to see his daughter unhappy and he sat and thought about the problem for some time. Then, without

saying anything, he got up, put on his thickest furs, took his spear in his hand and left the cave. He took with him some of the ropes which the women of the tribe had made by cutting the hides of animals into strips.

Two miles away, he saw a herd of reindeer, feeding on the moss and lichens which grew among the patches of snow on the ground. Silently he crept up behind them and because he was so quiet the reindeer never heard him. Also he was dressed in white skins and they did not see him and because he crept towards them on the opposite side from which the wind was blowing, they did not smell him.

At some distance from the main herd, a mother reindeer and her fawn were feeding. Rindar crept so close that at last he was able to throw his leather rope over the fawn's head. Then, very gently, he drew the startled fawn towards him.

The fawn began to struggle and the mother rushed towards it, to find out what was the matter. She smelled suspiciously at the leather rope, but she could not understand what it

was. Crawling gently, Rindar led the fawn towards the camp and the mother followed. The dwarf, who had been watching from a distance, came to help him.

Rindar tied the fawn to a post in an empty cave and when the mother came in, the dwarf captured her also.

Then came the difficult job of milking her, but at last it was done and the milk was carried to the bear cub, who drank it greedily. Then the little bear went to sleep, but as it lay there in front of the cave, a huge white form flashed past the blazing wood fire and seized the bear cub in its teeth. It was the mother bear, come to find her lost baby. When she had picked it up, she disappeared into the snow.

"She must have followed her baby by its scent," said the dwarf. "At least that has solved our problem. We shall need no more milk."

Rindar, however, just sat in front of his fire looking thoughtful. "We do need milk," he said. "How nice it would be if we had milk to drink. Think of the times we have gone hungry, because we have had no meat."

"What we have done for this little bear, we must do for the tribe," said Rindar. "If we kept a herd of reindeer here with us, instead of letting them roam over the plains, we should have milk for our little ones and meat for our families. We should have skins to make clothes and turn into leather. Why should we not capture them and tame them and then breed more reindeer from them?"

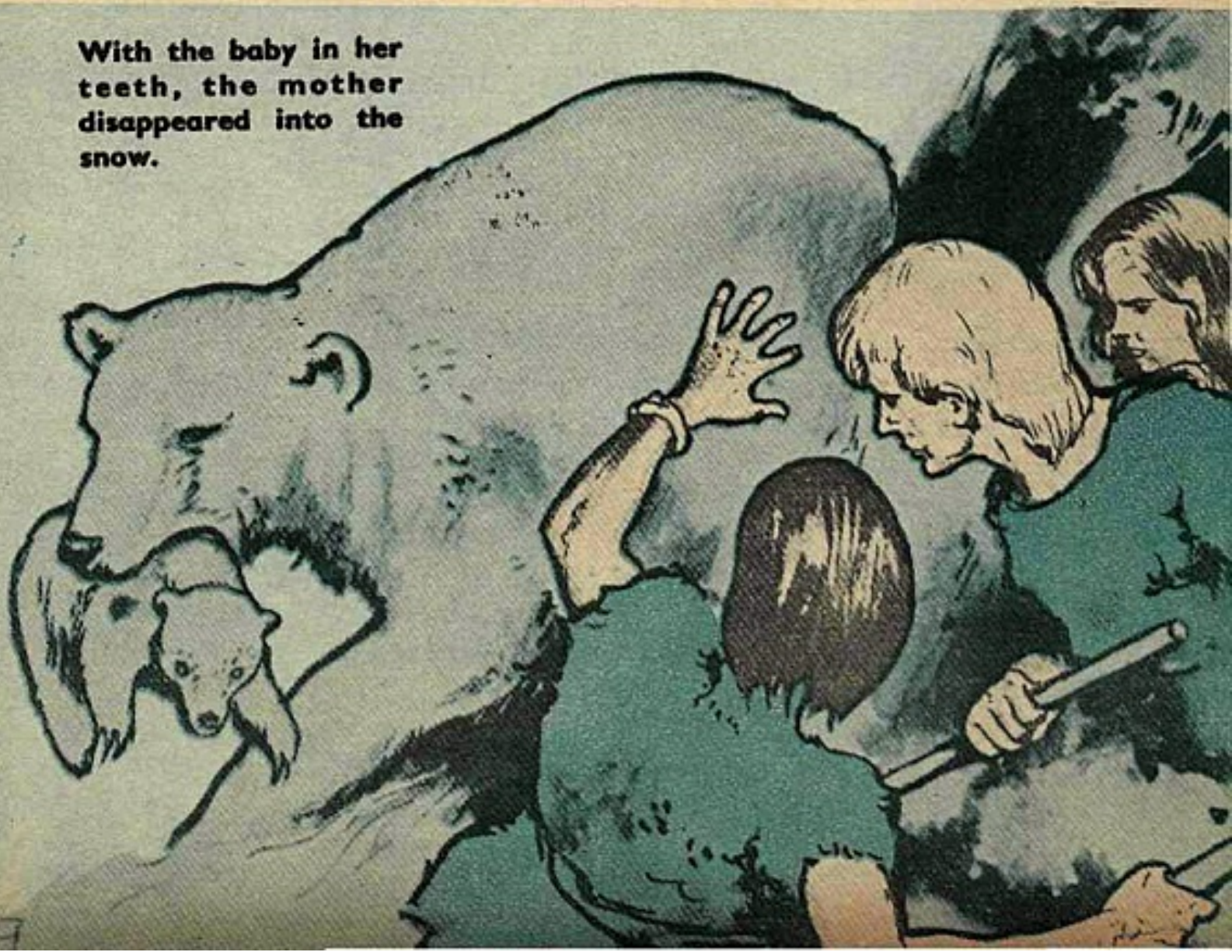
A great shout of joy arose from the hunters at this. It was

the first time anyone had suggested such a thing and they all wondered why no one had thought of it before.

Rindar led them all out on to the plain where he had caught the fawn and its mother and next morning they brought a small herd of captured reindeer back to the camp.

So the early people began their work of taming the animals and keeping them for their use, instead of hunting them down and killing them.

With the baby in her teeth, the mother disappeared into the snow.





MOONBEAMS

Once upon a time, there was an old man named Sethni, who lived in a small hut, way out in the country, miles from the nearest village.

Sethni was able to scratch a living by growing a little wheat and vegetables, sufficient to supply him with food. One evening as Sethni was washing some vegetables outside his hut, a large white rabbit came hopping towards him, and the animal seemed quite tame, and sat

there contentedly munching the vegetables leaves Sethni threw to it.

After that, the rabbit became a frequent visitor, and Sethni would sit and talk to his furry friend, and although the rabbit couldn't talk, it seemed to understand all Sethni had to say.

As time went by, Sethni found that with old age, working in his small vegetable patch, became more and more diffi-

cult, and as he rubbed his aching back, he would tell his friend the rabbit how he wished he had someone to help him.

Shortly after that, Sethni had the surprise of his life. It was a bright moonlit night, and when Sethni happened to glance out of his window, he was flabbergasted to see an elderly woman busy tending to his vegetables. And sitting close by the woman was the white rabbit.

Sethni deeply puzzled went outside and asked the woman who she was and where did she come from. But the old woman merely smiled at him, and went on with her work.

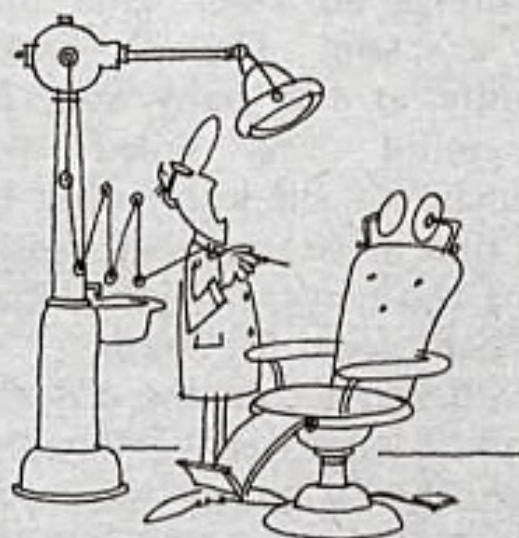
This went on night after night, and Sethni found that the old woman not only did all the work in the garden, but whilst he slept she cleaned his hut and prepared his food. This was all very wonderful, but Sethni became more and more puzzled, till one evening he caught the woman by the arm and in an imploring voice asked. "Who are you? and why are you here?"

The old woman, her face full of smiles replied. "My son, the rabbit and I live on the moon, and if you like, we will

take you there, and you can spend your old age in comfort."

Sethni was only too happy to agree, and the next instant he found himself with the old woman and the rabbit flying through the air.

Even now when the moon is full, you can, if you look, see the old man and the old woman and of course, the rabbit on the moon.



"I think you need an injection for that filling after all, Mr. Smith!"



Legends surrounding Lord Krishna

It was midnight, and in the grim fortress on the outskirts of Mathura, Devaki the sister of Kamsa the ruler, gave birth to a son. Devaki looked proudly at her baby son, but her mind was filled with anguish, for she knew only too well that as soon as her brother heard the news, he would have the baby put to death.

It all started on the day that Devaki married Vasudav. After the wedding ceremony there had been great rejoicing and feasting, for both Devaki and Vasudav were loved by all the people. When the cele-

brations were nearing an end, there was a sudden deathly silence, as though everyone had been struck dumb, and an unearthly voice echoed through the palace. "Beware Kamsa, for Devaki will have a son who will bring death to you."

Everyone stood petrified at the sound of this ghostly warning. Kamsa with a bellow of rage, drew his sword and took a threatening step towards Devaki, but Vasudav quickly caught hold of Kamsa's sword arm and shouted. "What nonsense is this. Would you dare slay your own sister just be-

cause you have been taunted by some evil spirit?"

Kamsa, a towering brute, thrust Vasudav on one side, and pointing his finger at Devaki said in a savage voice. "You shall live, but woe betide any children you have." Brushing aside Devaki's tearful entreaties, the tyrant ordered that Devaki and Vasudav be taken to the fortress and closely guarded for the rest of their days.

For years Devaki and Vasudav had lived in this terrible place, never allowed outside its massive gates. And during this time Devaki had given birth to several children, all girls, but each one had been torn from the mother's arms and foully murdered by her brother, the monster who feared death.

Now as Devaki gazed at her new born son, she knew that within hours her brother would kill the innocent baby. Quietly the door of her room opened, and Vasudav came in. "Don't make a sound," he whispered. "Give the baby to me, and I will try to escape, so that our son can live."

Devaki realising that this was their only hope, wrapped the baby in a shawl, and Vasudav clutching his precious burden,



hastened to the main gates hoping that he could somehow elude, or perhaps, bribe the guards to let him out.

When he reached the massive gates, Vasudav was surprised to find that the guards seemed to have fallen asleep, and as he stood there wondering where the keys were kept, the bolts of the locks slid noiselessly back and the gates pushed by unseen hands, slowly opened. Outside in the pitch darkness, Vasudav was at a loss as to which direction he should take. Then suddenly a soft blue light illuminated the way he should go. At first he thought his

escape had been discovered, but to his surprise, this light was coming from the baby.

Hurrying along the lighted pathway, Vasudav meant to get as far away from Mathura as he could, before Kamsa discovered his escape with the baby. Just as dawn was breaking, Vasudav came to the outskirts of the village of Brindavan, where his friend Nandagop lived. When he reached Nandagop's house, he found his friend sitting outside the door, his head bowed in sorrow, with a bundle at his feet.

"What ails you, my friend?" said Vasudav. Nandagop looked up, and Vasudav could

see that his face was streaked with tears. "This is a sorry meeting after all these years Vasudav," he replied with a sigh. "Last night my wife gave birth to a baby girl, but it is dead and I am seeking the courage to throw the body into the river."

Vasudav sat down beside his friend, and told him his own sorrowful tale of the unjust imprisonment and the murder of Devaki's babies and his resolve to save his newly born son from being done to death. Nandagop looked at his friend in amazement. "This is terrible", he cried. "Let me take your son and I promise to bring him up as my own." Then he went on. "Take the dead body of my daughter and that fiend Kamsa will think it is Devaki's child."

Vasudav was only too glad to grasp this opportunity to outwit Kamsa, and taking the dead child he hurried back to Mathura. Again to his surprise the gates to the fortress opened at his approach, and no one barred his way to Devaki's room. Quickly he told his wife that their son was safe and she should pretend the dead child was her own.





When Vasudav unwrapped the body, he was amazed to find that the baby was alive and soon started to cry lustily.

Meanwhile at the palace, Kamsa rose from his bed bathed in perspiration. He had had many bad dreams, but nothing as dreadful as the garish nightmare that had plagued him all night. He could still visualise those abominable demons of his dreams, and their predictions that all his palaces would come tumbling down and that he would die a fiendish death. Stumbling into his audience

chamber, Kamsa shouted for his astrologers, and when at last they came, Kamsa demanded to know why did he have to have bad dreams and what did these dreams foretell.

The poor astrologers knowing full well that saying the wrong thing could result in at least a flogging, hastily tried to reassure Kamsa that all the signs showed that he would live many years, and conquer many empires. Luckily for the astrologers, the captain of guard entered just then, and announced that Devaki had given birth



of the Goddess Katyana. Looking down at Kamsa, the goddess intoned, "The child is born who will one day slay you and rule the hearts of all mankind."

Kamsa fell on his knees and in a cringing voice begged for mercy, but when he looked up the goddess had vanished.

Devaki's baby son was brought up by the tribe of cowherders, who inhabited the village of Brindavan. From the day the baby arrived an aura of love and prosperity descended on the village, and the villagers decided to name the child Krishna.

Many are the legends that surround the early years of Krishna's life. It was said that at the age of five he slew the Demon of the Cart-wheel. Another time, a demon in the guise of a donkey came to the village, but Krishna recognized the spurious animal for what it was, and catching it by one of its hind legs whirled the donkey round and round, then dashed its brains out against a wall. Then there is the legend of the five-headed dragon living in the depths of the river Yamuna. This fearsome beast would rise out of the water and pounce on unsuspecting villagers who

to a daughter during the night.

"That's the cause of all my misery," roared Kamsa, and rushing out of the chamber, bellowed for his chariot and was soon galloping to the fortress. Cursing everyone who got in his way, Kamsa stormed into Devaki's room and snatching up the baby, snarled. "I will soon settle the destiny of this brat."

Going into the courtyard Kamsa threw the baby high in the air and got ready to catch the baby on the point of his sword. But the baby never came down. Instead, the baby turned into the shining figure

went to the river to bathe and wash clothes. When Krishna heard of this, he went to the river, and telling the villagers not to worry, jumped in the river and dragged the monster to the surface and killed it with his bare hands.

The fame of Krishna spread throughout the land and people trekked hundreds of miles merely to see this godlike youth whom everyone referred to as Sri Krishna. When the tyrant ruler Kamsa heard the stories of Sri Krishna, he began to worry. The prophecy of the Goddess

Katyana still troubled his sleep at nights, and perhaps this, Krishna was a menace that should be got rid of. So Kamsa sent an envoy to Brindavan, with an invitation for Sri Krishna to be a welcome guest at the ruler's palace.

Kamsa rubbed his hands with delight when Sri Krishna accepted the invitation, and made devious plans to kill this person, who was beginning to become so powerful in the kingdom.

When Krishna arrived at the palace, Kamsa all smiles,

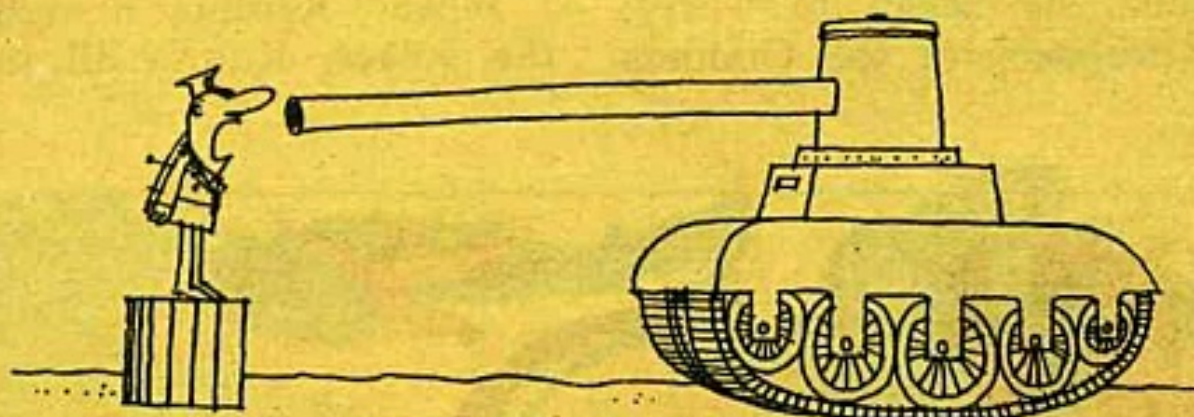


hurried forward to greet his guest, only to be met with a piercing look from the youth-like figure which stopped Kamsa in his tracks. After a while Krishna spoke. "I am the son of Devaki," he said coldly. "It was destined that I should slay you."

Snatching a sword from one of the guards, Krishna slew the tyrant with one blow, and as Kamsa toppled to his death,

a new life of love and understanding dawned over the kingdom.

Krishna ordered that Devaki and Vasudav be released from their imprisonment, and the grim fortress be razed to the ground. Soon afterwards, Vasudav acceded to the throne, and when the crowning ceremony ended, Sri Krishna quietly left the palace and returned to Brindavan.



Are you deaf in there?—I said 'Fire'!



But you said 'Fill up the tank'!



The Sheriff of Nottingham has captured Robin Hood and locked him up in a dungeon beneath the castle. After gloating at Robin, he sent the news to Robert the Wolf, the cruel Norman baron who is Robin's worst enemy.

Robert the Wolf hastened to Nottingham to jeer at Robin. "Your doom is sealed" he told him. Then he turned to the Sheriff and said. "You will deal with him tomorrow. That is an order!" "Yes, my lord," replied the Sheriff.



The Norman baron thrust his face close to Robin's. "It will not be long before everybody will see how we deal with rascals like you". However, Robin showed no fear. "I am not afraid of anything you can do", he replied.



Meanwhile, Much the Miller and Allan a' Dale had been in Nottingham and found out where Robin was imprisoned. They dashed back through the forest as hard as they could go to take the news to Friar Tuck and the other outlaws.

"Robin is in grave danger," Allan a' Dale told Friar Tuck. Then Friar Tuck told the outlaws that Robin would be taken to the market place to be executed. It was agreed that they would all go into the City that night, hiding their weapons under their cloaks.



Friar Tuck put Little John in charge of the rescue band and reminded him again and again that he must not make any move without orders. "Wait for me", he said, "and I will tell you just what we can do to rescue Robin".



During the night, Friar Tuck roamed secretly through the streets of Nottingham. In the market place he saw workmen setting up a platform. "That is where they will be dealing with Robin", he thought to himself. "I must let all the others know!"

With stealthy steps he hurried along the dark streets, but suddenly a strong arm came from a dark doorway and encircled his neck. A gruff voice sounded in his ear. "Got you! It is no use struggling. You are my prisoner".





Friar Tuck was caught by surprise and the soldier grasped him firmly. "I know who you are," growled the soldier. "You are one of Robin Hood's men. Surrender or you will die!" But the Friar had no intention of giving in.

It was a dangerous moment, but in spite of his great weight the Friar knew how to fight and was very strong. With a swift, unexpected movement, he grasped his enemy and swung him over his head. The man crashed to the ground!



The soldier was soon on his feet again and rushed at Friar Tuck. But quick as a flash, the jovial Friar spun round and hit him a mighty blow with his hard fist. The soldier fell down in a heap, senseless, and the fight was over.

Friar Tuck dared not leave the unconscious man lying in the street or everybody would soon know that Robin's men were around. There was only one thing to do. The Friar carried him to the camp where the outlaws were hiding.



Robin's friends were hiding in a wood outside Nottingham and Much the Miller was on watch. Soon after dawn he saw Friar Tuck coming back with a man on his back. He turned to Little John. "What can this mean?" he gasped.

Friar Tuck soon explained. "I had to bring him here or he would have betrayed us. Robin is to be taken down to the market place this morning for execution. Tie up the prisoner, then we will make plans to rescue Robin!"





Friar Tuck told them all what he had planned and every man knew just what he had to do. Little John and Much the Miller were to take the outlaws to the market place at noon. "Then wait my signal," said, Friar Tuck.

Meanwhile, the Sheriff of Nottingham had gone down to the dungeon with the chief jailor. "Bring out the rogue," he said with a cruel grin. Robin with his hands tied behind his back, was pushed into a cart, and Robert the Wolf came to mock Robin. "This is the end for you, Saxon dog!" he snarled.



ANOTHER EXCITING EPISODE IN NEXT ISSUE

OUR COVER STORY

BOAT MEN OF THE NILE

The people who lived in Egypt 4,000 or 5,000 years ago loved the River Nile. When their crops and vegetables had been planted and they had time to spare, the men would go off fishing or sailing, or hunt the wild fowl which nested among the reeds in the marshes.

It was a busy river, for it was the main route of Egypt and there were always boats sailing up and down it.

Most people in Egypt had a boat. It was the easiest way to travel from place to place. If an Egyptian said of someone, "Why, he hasn't even got a boat," then everyone listening

knew that the man must be very poor indeed. It was just the same as someone today saying, "He hasn't got a rupee with which to bless himself."

All kinds of boats sailed up and down the Nile. The very first types were made of bundles of papyrus reeds tied together to make a raft, but before long the boatmen had learned how to make curved boats with prows, by binding lengths of papyrus carefully together. You can see a picture of these early boatbuilders at work, on this page. It is taken from an old Egyptian carving.

As the boatbuilders grew



more clever, they built bigger and better craft with cabins. The boats belonging to the nobles and the royal household were very big and often beautifully decorated and the people lined the banks in thousands to watch the royal processions sail past.

Other boats sailed up and down the Nile, too, besides the boats of the ordinary people going from one town to another and the boats of the royal processions. These were the boats of the traders, carrying goods from place to place.

Egypt was a country which was mostly mud. The mud grew fine crops and there was always plenty to eat, but not much else. The Egyptians did not have wood or flint to make their tools, copper to make into weapons, or gold for their jewellery.

Because the land was so fertile, all the men did not have to be farmers. Those who farmed the land could grow more crops than they needed for themselves, so the men who did not want to be farmers were free to do other things. Some of them became traders, going in search of the things which the Egyptians needed.

Some men became sailors, taking the traders and their goods along the Nile and even making long voyages by sea to Africa. They brought back with them useful things, like wood from the forests of the Lebanon, olive oil from Crete and jars from Syria. They brought beautiful things, too, like gold and ivory and ebony from Africa and sweet-smelling spices, like frankincense and myrrh from Arabia.

The papyrus reeds, which the Egyptians had used to make their first boats, were cut down and made into paper, which was one of the most important things that the Egyptian traders took with them to sell.

It was easy for the Egyptians to sail both up and down their river, although their boats only had simple, square sails. If they wanted to go down the river, they merely sat in their boats and let the current carry them along, using their oars if they wanted to go faster. If they wanted to go up the river, against the current, they put up the big square sail and the wind would drive them along, for on the Nile the wind blows the opposite way to the current. It was no problem to sail either way.



MAHABHARATA

The story so far:

For nearly twelve years, the five Pandava princes with their queen, Draupadi, have undergone all the ordeals of living as homeless exiles in the forest. Soon, they would have to spend the thirteenth year in concealment. For should they be discovered, then they must again go into exile for another twelve years.

In the meanwhile Duryodhana, the eldest of the Kaurava princes, gloated over his cousins misfortunes and plotted with his unscrupulous uncle Sakuni, and Karna, to make sure that the Pandava princes would never regain their rightful inheritance of the kingdom of Indraprastha.

Jayadratha, king of the Sindhu

country, and a friend and ally of Duryodhana, came to the forest, and in the absence of the Pandava princes, abducted Draupadi. The Pandavas, however, pursued the king, and chastised him for his misconduct, and rescued Draupadi.

Karna, the sworn enemy of Arjuna, thought himself to be the son of a charioteer, but in fact his birth was inspired by Surya the Sun God. One night, Karna was awakened by a brilliant light flooding his room, and when he sat up he was confronted by the dazzling figure of the Sun God. "You are in grave danger," said the god. "The great God Indra will come



God Indra gives Karna the celestial weapon

to you in the form of a priest, and beg of you to give him your magical coat of armour and divine ear ornaments. Do not part with them, for they are your only protection against an untimely death."

"But father," cried Karna, "how can I refuse the God Indra? I am a great warrior and have no need of my armour,"

"You speak foolishly," replied the god gently. "If you part with the protection of your divine armour, then at least, demand in exchange the celestial weapon that never fails to

kill". With this the god vanished.

The following day Karna strode round the courtyard impatient for the arrival of God Indra. Towards noon, the bent figure of an old brahmin priest accosted him. Surely this decrepit old priest could never be the King of Gods. But, when Karna asked the priest what he wanted, the man said, "Give to me your impenetrable coat of armour and your ear ornaments."

Karna now knew that this could be no other than God Indra. "I will gladly give you anything," cried Karna passionately. "But in return will you not give me the celestial weapon that slays all to which it is directed?"

God Indra agreed and from the air produced the celestial weapon, and took Karna's armour and ear ornaments.

When this news reached the Pandavas in their forest hermitage, Arjuna said viciously. "I bore in silence the insults of that son of a charioteer. But divine armour, nor celestial weapons will stop me slaying him when the day comes."

Not long after this, a brahmana came rushing up to the

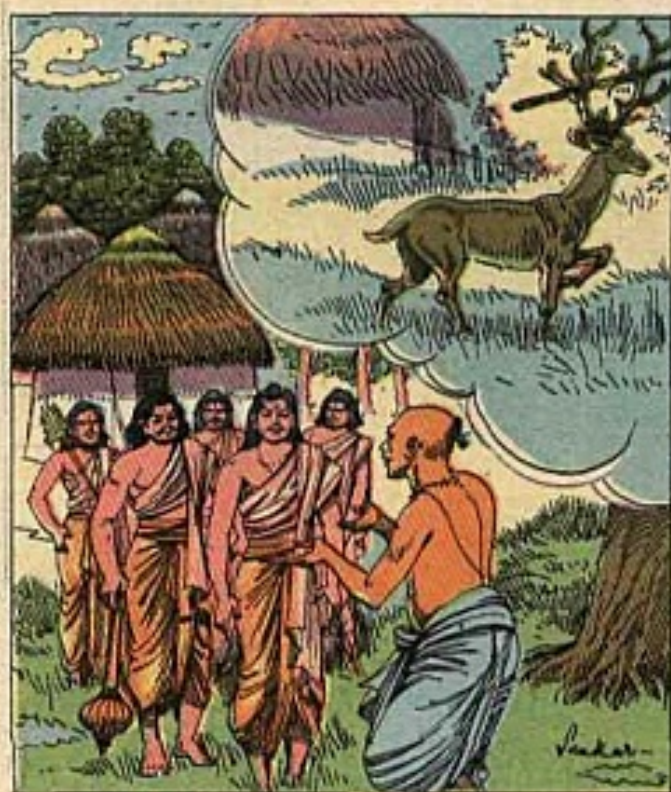
Pandava princes and in great agitation shouted. "A deer is running away with my fire kindler. Now I shall be unable to perform the fire sacrifice."

The Pandavas tried to pacify the brahmana and set out to catch the animal. But the deer was hard to catch; with great leaps and bounds it decoyed the princes deep into the forest then suddenly disappeared. Worn out by the futile chase, the princes were glad to sit down and rest.

Yudhishtira like the others was tormented with thirst, so he asked his younger brother Nakula to climb a tree, and see if there was water nearby. Nakula soon climbed a tree, and gave a joyous shout that there was a large pool close by. So Yudhishtira bade him fetch some water so that they could all quench their thirst.

When Nakula reached the pool he knelt down on the bank and was about to slake his thirst when a voice shouted, "Not so fast son of Madri. This pool belongs to me. So answer my questions before you drink."

Nakula was far too thirsty to heed any warning, but no sooner had the water touched



The brahmana seeks the help of the Pandavas

his lips, than he was overcome with a great drowsiness and collapsed on the bank as though dead.

When Nakula did not return, Yudhishtira sent Sahadeva to see what had delayed his twin brother. The same fate overtook Sahadeva, and when he failed to return, Arjuna picked up his Gandiva bow and went in search of his brothers.

Arriving at the pool, Arjuna was horrified to find both brothers apparently dead. Swearing vengeance against the miscreants who had slain his brothers, Arjuna tormented by a terrible



Nakula collapses after drinking the water

thirst, decided to drink before he searched for the wrongdoers. As he stooped beside the pool, the hidden voice pealed out, 'Answer my questions before you drink, otherwise you will suffer the same fate as your brothers'.

Arjuna's anger knew no bounds. He shouted, "Who are you to dictate to me? I will drink first then seek you out and kill you." But as he drank from the pool, he collapsed beside his brothers.

After anxious waiting, Yudhishtira turned to Bhima. "Something terrible has happened to our brothers," he said

anxiously. "Go quickly and find out what is wrong. I will collect our weapons and follow you."

When Yudhishtira reached the pool, he could hardly restrain his grief to find all his brothers lying there as if dead. What trickery was this? Had Duryodhana poisoned the water? Who else should want to kill his brothers? As he stood there lost in despair, again the voice thundered out, "Your brothers died because they did not heed my words. Answer my questions then you can quench your thirst."

Yudhishtira knew immediately that he was dealing with a Yaksha and guessed what had happened to his brothers. He saw a possible way of redeeming the situation, so he said, "Ask your questions and I will answer them."

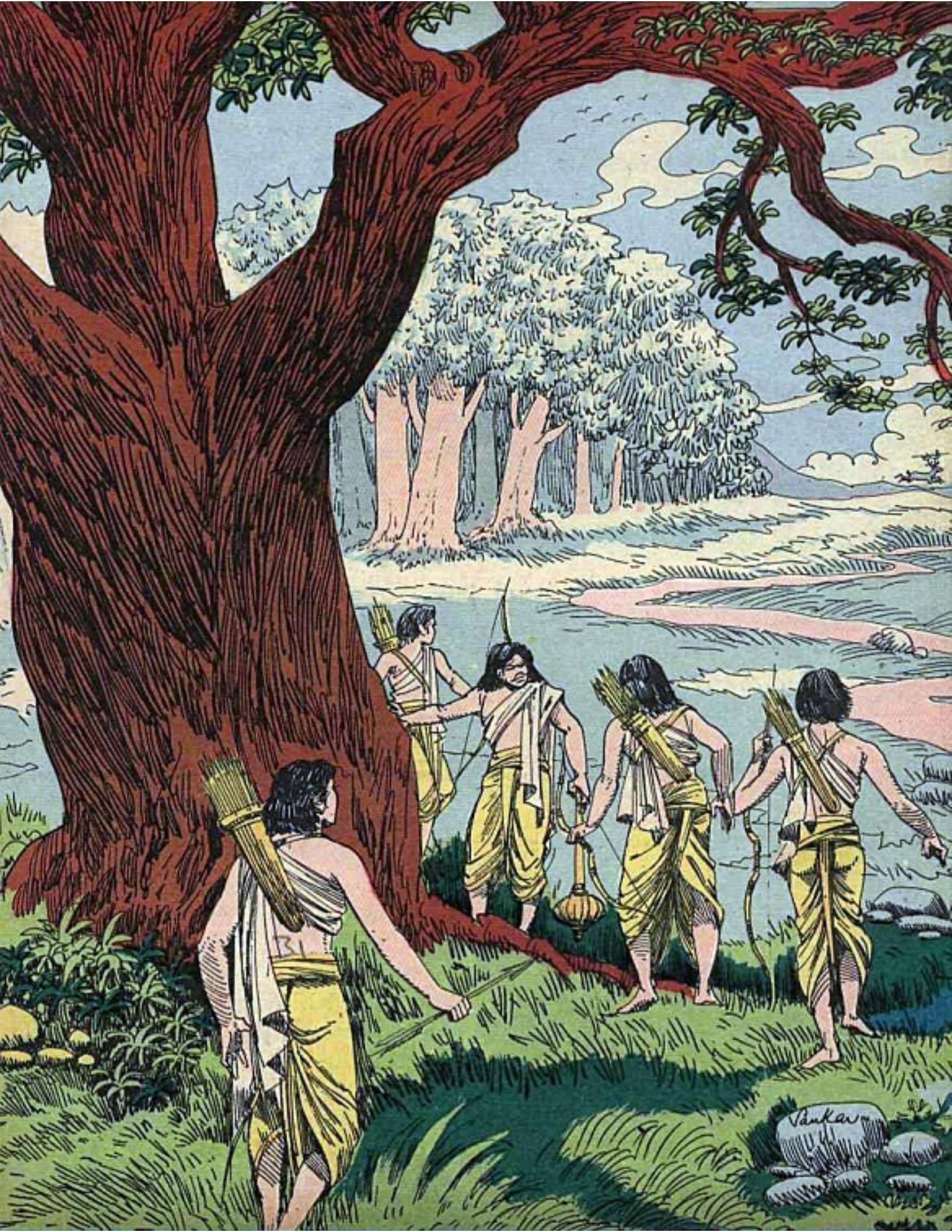
The voice asked questions one after another.

It asked: "What is fleetier than wind?"

Yudhishtira replied, "Mind"

"Who accompanies a man in death?"

"Dharma. That alone accompanies the soul in its solitary journey after death."





"What is the loss which yields joy and not sorrow?"

"Anger, for by giving it up we will no longer be subject to sorrow."

The Yaksha posed many more questions, and Yudhishtira answered them all. In the end the Yaksha asked. "O King, one of your dead brothers can now be revived. Which one shall it be?"

Yudhishtira thought for a moment, then quietly replied. "Let it be my brother Nakula."

The Yaksha looked puzzled and asked. "Why do you choose Nakula? Why not Bhima who has the strength of many ele-

phants, or Arjuna whose prowess in arms is your protection?"

"O great Yaksha," replied Yudhishtira, "Dharma is the true shield of protection, not Bhima or Arjuna. My father, King Pandu, had two wives, Kunti and Madri. I am now the surviving son of Kunti, so she is not completely bereaved. So it is only just that Nakula, the son of Madri, should live."

The Yaksha was pleased with Yudhishtira's impartiality and granted that all his brothers come back to life. As the four brothers got to their feet, each shaking his head in bewilderment as to what had happened, a figure seemed to rise out of the ground.

It was the God of Dharma, who took the form of the deer and the Yaksha so that he could see his son, Yudhishtira, and test him. He embraced Yudhishtira and said. "Only a few days remain of your twelve years of exile. The thirteenth year will also pass by and you will successfully fulfil your undertaking." Then he added in a sorrowful voice. "You will regain your kingdom but only after much bloodshed and tears.

TAMERLANE'S LAST BATTLE

A raw-edged wind moaned through the tent stays. Sleet and flecks of snow reinforced its sting. Groups of shaggy ponies stood side by side, nose to tail, seeking to shelter themselves from its bite. Soldiers drew their heads between their shoulders to escape the agony of cold that ached in their joints and cracked their cheeks.

Inside the largest tent of all, in the central cluster of the encampment that sprawled for miles across the dull plain, an old man lay dying.

The scene was Central Asia, some three hundred miles from Samarkand. The time was exactly 567 years ago.

The aged warrior beneath the furs was Tamerlane, now 70 years old, born the son of a minor chieftain in the fertile land of Cash. From this humble origin, not much better than that of a peasant, his ambition, energy and ruthlessness had driven him ceaselessly

to conquer kingdom after kingdom. In his long life he soldiered on 35 campaigns and among the fruits of victory had some 27 regal crowns placed upon his prematurely white head.

As a young man he became a rebel in a land that was then in disorder. The khans of Transoxiana had died out and his leaderless homeland had been invaded by Uzbeks. He organised a rising against the foreign tyranny and waited with 60 warriors in the hills above Samarkand for the war chiefs of Transoxiana to rally to his aid.

They did not come, and after waiting seven days he and his loyal band took to the desert, where they were forced to battle with a thousand pursuers. They beat them off with a ferocious slaughter. After the battle Tamerlane was left with but seven companions and four horses...and a reputation as a

courageous and terrible fighting man.

It was said that during his desert wanderings he received a wound in the foot that left him lame for the remainder of his days. (*Timurlenk* means Timur the Lame, which has been corrupted into Tamerlane.) Other authorities say that he was born with a crippled foot and arm.

Tamerlane spent several years wandering and fighting in the desert. Gradually his band of followers grew until they were strong enough to drive the Uzbecks right out of the kingdom. Thus at the age of 36, Tamerlane had won his first crown, the fertile kingdom of Transoxiana. Fabulous Samarkand was his capital.

One kingdom was not enough for Tamerlane, a man of voracious ambition. He claimed descent or kinship from the mighty Genghis Khan, the conqueror of all Asia from China to the gates of Europe.

For over 40 years the vast lands of Persia had been with-

In 1308 Tamerlane with his great army captured Delhi and levelled it to the ground!





out a ruler. Tamerlane set out with his army to end that state of disorder.

One by one he defeated the petty chieftains that opposed him, cities opened their gates to him or were starved and battered into submission. His troops advanced to the mouth of the Persian Gulf and captured the fabulously wealthy city of Ormuz. He then set out on a merciless Holy War against the Christians who lived in the mountains around Tiflis between the Black and Caspian Seas.

In 1390, when over 50 years old, he marched his warrior armies across the Russian plains and through the endless forests of Siberia. This mighty host of invaders lived off the land, stripping it of crops and game animals, for none could escape. Villages vanished beneath pillars of smoke, the occupants were slaughtered and their farm animals devoured.

After months of wandering in the Russian domains of the Golden Horde of Tartary, the massive armies met in headlong conflict at the battle of Urtupia and again four years later on the banks of the Terek. Laden with vast quantities of spoil,

his great triumphant armies abandoned the desolate landscape without actually reaching Moscow.

Now the old man who had conquered kingdoms and empires from the Persian Gulf to Muscovy lay restless with fever and delirium. His servants chilled his perspiring body with icy water. He shuddered and fell back to his dreams of glory. He had many.

For Tamerlane had marched his great armies across the mountains and deserts into India. He arrived before the gates of Delhi in 1308 and lured the Sultan Mahmoud and his 50,000 warriors from the fortress to do battle on the plain.

One hundred and twenty elephants advanced with the Sultan's army, but turned in panic when faced with ditches filled with fire, and ramparts of iron spikes and bucklers. The monstrous beasts caused more havoc in their own army than among the invading foe.

Delhi was captured and admired enough by Tamerlane for him to copy its style in Samarkand, before he levelled it to the ground!

Hunger for power and conquest burned fiercely throughout the long life of Tamerlane. Already his armies had ranged far to the north, the south and the east.

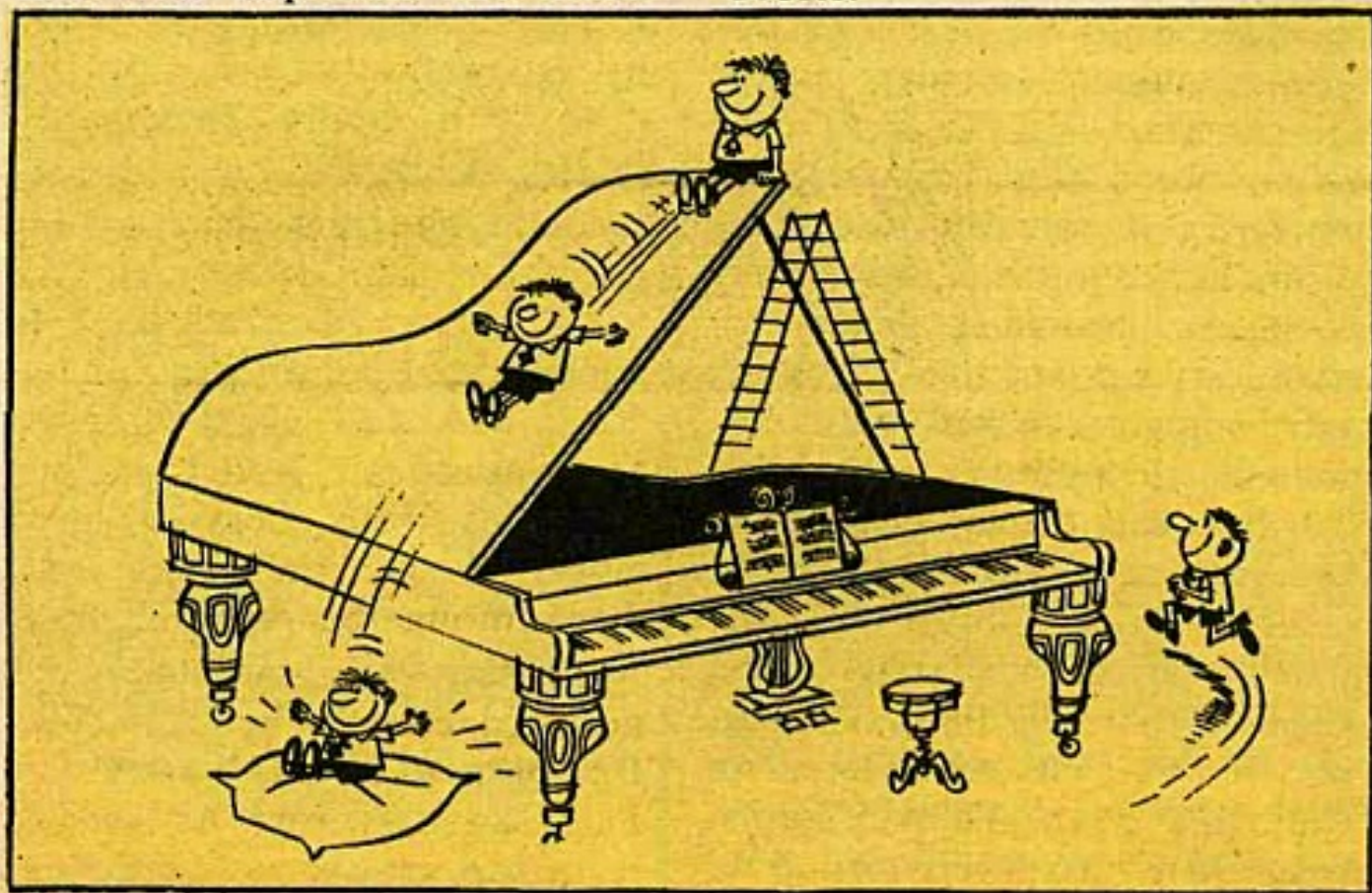
In the west was the powerful Moslem empire of Sultan Bajazet, and beyond that the great powers of Europe.

Tamerlane marched into Turkey, besieging and destroying cities that barred his way. Four thousand Armenian defenders were buried alive for daring to oppose the armed might of Tamerlane.

He swung south into Syria, and with elephants and Greek

fire he routed the crack regiments of Mamelukes who rushed to the defence of Aleppo. The city was entered, almost the entire population was slaughtered and their skulls piled high in grotesque pyramids in honour of the Mogul victory. The ancient city of Damascus was later reduced to smouldering ashes.

Nothing could withstand the terror and the destructive power of Tamerlane. Baghdad he laid in ruins in the summer heat of July 1401, and 90,000 heads were stacked in a gruesome triumphal pyramid on the debris.



By this time Tamerlane had the experience of 30 years of almost continual warfare behind him. His massed foot soldiers advanced in disciplined order. His squadrons of cavalry swirled around the enemy like flames destroying blades of dry grass.

Bajazet, so it was said, was captured and placed in an iron cage until he died. The ravening hordes of Tamerlane were let loose to plunder and burn the wealthy cities of the Sultanate.

Tamerlane returned to Samarkand in triumph. There were celebrations, carnivals, feasting and the marriage of six grandsons. Massive quantities of meat and flasks of wine were gathered for the occasion, whole forests were cut down to provide cooking fuel, tents and pavillions crammed with the spoil looted from many nations and empires covered acres of ground. Thousands attended the banquets which lasted for two joyous months!

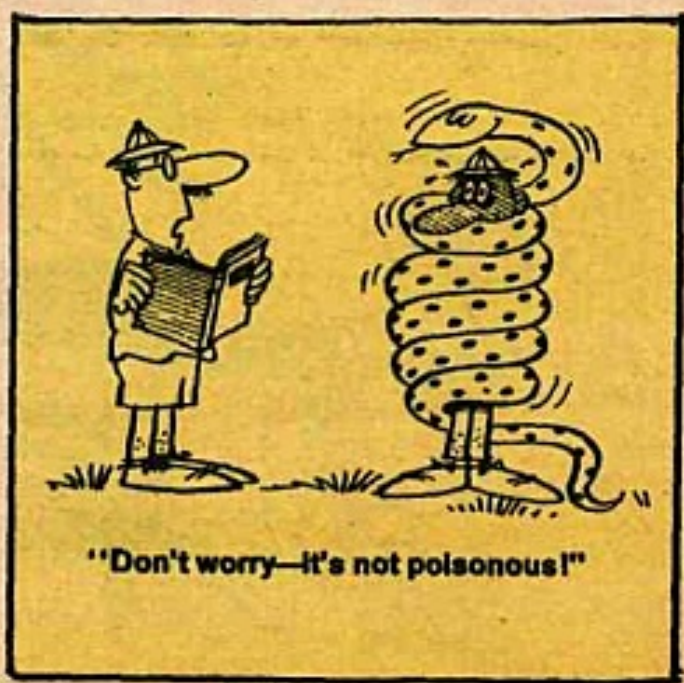
Although now 70 years old, Tamerlane's ambition would not let him rest content. He must move on, many kingdoms and empires were his, but not

the whole world. His spies had informed him of disunity and weakness in the great Empire of China.

A campaign was organised. Depots were set up along the intended line of march.

In the winter of 1405 he set out, with 200,000 veteran warriors following his standard. Five hundred wagons carried baggage and supplies. China would soon be listed among the conquests of Tamerlane...

... But 300 miles from Samarkand, age and fever struck him down. He died in his tent, and with him died the empire that had been built at the cost of unknown millions of lives, the destruction of cities by the score, villages and settlements by the thousand.



HISTORY

Boxing



HISTORY

Boxing



HISTORY

Boxing



HISTORY

Boxing



HISTORY

Boxing

TWO famous boxers are shown in the picture on the other side of this index card. The main picture is of John L. Sullivan and the small picture, bottom right, is John Jackson—known as Gentleman Jackson.

Gentleman Jackson lived from 1769 to 1845 and was counted as champion from 1795 to 1803. In fact, however, he had only three fights of which he lost one and won two.

Later, he opened a boxing school and Lord Byron was one of his pupils.

John L. Sullivan was an American boxer, born in Boston, Massachusetts in the year 1858.

He became the American heavy-weight champion in 1882 by beating Paddy Ryan and some people maintain that this fight made him champion of the world.

HISTORY

Boxing

THE real name of Joe Louis, the Brown Bomber, is Joseph Louis Barrow.

As the result of 57 fights, from 1934 to 1942, Joe Louis made more than two million dollars. Forty-nine of the fights were won by a knock-out and seven were won on points. He lost once to Max Schmeling in June, 1936.

In 1937, he became the heavyweight champion of the world when he beat J. J. Braddock.

Joe Louis met Max Schmeling again after becoming champion and, on this occasion, he was all out to get his revenge. He succeeded. Schmeling was knocked out during the first round and, although he maintained afterwards that he had been fouled, it seems certain that the fight was completely fair.

HISTORY

Boxing

AT one time, boxing booths in fairgrounds and the like were very popular. The idea was that a boxer would take on any member of the public who wished to challenge him. If the challenger managed to stand up for a given length of time, he would win a money prize.

Boxers of all weights were involved and the sport was very popular, since it was enjoyed by the watchers probably more than by the challengers, although they had the incentive of winning not only money but also glory.

The booths were canvas fight arenas and were usually run by a man or group of men who paid the boxers for their services. No doubt, if the boxers were knocked out too many times, their services were not required for any length of time.

HISTORY

Boxing

A REMARKABLE American boxer was William Harrison Dempsey, known as Jack Dempsey. He was born in 1895 at Manassa, Colorado.

He became world heavyweight champion in July, 1919, by beating the reigning champion, Jess Willard, in three rounds.

Dempsey defended his title on a number of occasions. He beat Georges Carpentier in July, 1921, Tom Gibbons in July, 1923, and Luis Angel Firpo in September, 1923.

In September, 1926, Jack Dempsey met Gene Tunney in the Sesquicentennial Stadium, Philadelphia. And, it was on this occasion that he lost his title. He was beaten in ten rounds.

The main picture on the other side of this index card shows Jack Dempsey.

The small picture, bottom right overleaf, shows Gene Tunney.

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

Here is your opportunity to win a cash prize!
Winning captions will be announced in the October issue



- ★ These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- ★ Prize of Rs. 20 will be awarded for the best double caption. Remember, entries must be received by the 31st August.
- ★ Your entry should be written on a postcard, giving your full name and address, together with age and sent to:

Photo Caption Contest,
Chandamama Magazine,
Madras-26.

Result of Photo Caption Contest in June Issue

The prize is awarded to
Mrs. J. Noronha,
620, 21st, Main, 36th Cross,
IV T Block, Jayanagar,
Bangalore-II.

Winning entry—'Sandy Pots'—'Tiny Tots'



Roast or Stewed?

Two brothers had been given bows and arrows as presents, and promptly decided that they would go and hunt wild game. Coming to the bank of the river, their excitement knew no bounds when they saw a solitary wild duck flying sedately around.

The elder brother, stringing an arrow to his bow, exclaimed. "Now we shall have roast duck for dinner."

"O, no," said the younger brother. "Let us have it

stewed with rice."

The argument waxed long and strong, and in the end the brothers agreed to go and ask their father how the bird should be cooked. Returning to the village, they put the burning question to their father.

"But where is the duck?" father asked.

"We haven't shot it yet," replied the two boys in unison.

Father smiled broadly. "First of all, you must shoot the duck, then we will decide how to cook it."

The two boys ran all the way back to the river, but by then the duck had decided to go somewhere else.

THE FIDDLER AND THE MAIDS

These two legends have been told by people in different parts of Britain for many centuries. They were told to explain how local hills and strangely-placed stones came into being.

In the village of Standon Drew, in Somerset, there stand four groups of stones. For many centuries they have stood there, beaten by the wind and rain and some of them have disappeared from their original place. When the groups were complete, they formed three circles and one triangle.

The people of the area call them the Fiddler and the Maids and there is an old legend which tells how they came to be there.

One Saturday, long ago, so the legend runs, there was a wedding in the village. All day the bride and groom and their friends feasted and danced merrily, but at last midnight struck and it was Sunday. The piper, who was a pious man,

put down his pipe and refused to make music for the dancing any longer, but the bride was fond of dancing and she and the other guests begged the piper to play on. "Only play a little longer, until we are tired of dancing," she begged. "Then we will return home."



The piper, however, refused to play another note and at this the bride became very angry. She swore that the revelry should go on. "I will not have my wedding spoilt by a beggarly piper," she stormed. "I will find someone to play for me, even if I have to fetch the Devil from Hell itself."

Hardly had she spoken, when an old man appeared. He had a long white beard and under his arm he carried a fiddle. "I will gladly take the place of that surly piper and play for your wedding," he said to the bride.

The bride clapped her hands and all the wedding guests looked pleased. "Play on till dawn," she ordered.

The old man took up his fiddle and began to play, but the first melody was so slow

and solemn that all the guests called out to him to change it for a tune more lively. He sat down on a large stone and the tunes he played were so merry and gay that the wedding guests found themselves whirling round faster and faster.

Finally, out of breath, they called to him to stop, but he did not seem to hear them. He only played faster and they found themselves whirling round him so quickly that they could not stop.

Then, to their horror, the old fiddler began to change his shape and they saw that it was really the Devil, in disguise, who had played for their dancing. Through the night they danced,



the Devil unheeding their cries for mercy, until at last day began to dawn. As the first rays of the sun appeared over the horizon, the Devil vanished and silence descended over the meadow.

When, later, some of the villagers went out there, they found the meadow strewn with

large stones and no sign of the wedding party. Only the piper was there, hiding under a hedge, half-dead with fright. He told the villagers what had happened and how the wedding party had been turned to stone as the sun rose and ever after, the huge stones were known as the Fiddler and the Maids.

Here is the second legend

THE ANGRY GIANT

Long ago, a giant who lived in Wales had a grievance against the people of Shrewsbury. They had annoyed him and for a long time he brooded, wondering how to have his revenge.

Finally he decided that he would dam up the River Severn, which flows through Shrewsbury, by blocking up part of it with earth and stones, so that the water could not flow away. It would build up in the river until it flowed over the banks on either side, flooding the town and drowning all the people who lived there.

Having made this decision, he felt very pleased with himself. He went out and picked up the largest shovel he could find. Then he piled it high with earth and stones, until he thought he had enough to block the river for ever.

The giant set out from his home in Wales, carrying his spadeful of earth, in the direction in which he thought Shrewsbury lay, but there were no signposts in those days and he did not know the way, so he travelled by a very round-about road. The sun rose



"How much farther to Shrewsbury?" asked the giant.

higher in the sky and it grew hotter and hotter. Time after time the giant had to stop and pull out a large handkerchief with which to mop his brow and still there was no sign of the town of Shrewsbury.

He was beginning to grow very tired, when at last he met a cobbler, carrying on his back a sack of old boots and shoes. "Good day to you, friend," called the giant.

"Good day to you, giant," called the cobbler. "It's a lovely day for a walk."

"Too hot for me with my heavy load," replied the giant. "How much farther to Shrewsbury?"

"Why are you carrying that load of earth all the way to Shrewsbury?" asked the cobbler cautiously.

"Because I intend to have my revenge on the town," said the giant. "I am taking this earth to dam up the River Severn so that it will overflow and flood the town, but I am not sure of the way there."

Now the cobbler lived in

Shrewsbury himself and when he heard this, he did not like the sound of it at all, but he was a quick-thinking man and he replied. "Why you'll never get to Shrewsbury today, nor tomorrow either. I've just come from Shrewsbury and it's a long way." He pulled open the mouth of his sack. "Look at these boots and shoes," he said. "The soles are full of holes and the heels are all worn down. I've worn them all through on the road from Shrewsbury. It's a long way for a man carrying a heavy load. Take my advice. Turn round and go back home."

The weary giant, thinking that he was many miles from Shrewsbury, decided to take

the cobbler's advice. He hurled his load of earth to the ground and there was so much of it that it made a huge hill. Because he had had to wade through rivers and streams, his boots had become caked with mud, so he scraped the mud off them with his shovel and dumped it beside the larger mound.

Then, he turned round and tramped wearily back home, leaving behind him the large hill called the Wrekin, which is still there today and beside it, the smaller hill called Ercall Hill. The clever little cobbler, meanwhile, went on his way to the town of Shrewsbury, which lay nearby, chuckling to himself all the way.



The giant's load of earth made a huge hill.



THE DOG ARMY

At last the sumptuous wedding celebrations came to an end, and the king was enraptured that he had married this fair princess. The new queen was certainly very beautiful, and to the king her slightest wish was a command. As time went by, the king would take all his state problems to the queen, and whether her suggestions were good or bad, the king thought they were all wonderful.

One morning three robbers were dragged before the king, caught redhanded robbing the house of the court jeweller. When the king asked who had been clever enough to catch these miscreants, the captain of

the guard with a smile replied. "Actually, Your Majesty, the suspicions of a patrolling guard were aroused when a street dog attacked these men as they were creeping out of the jeweller's house."

When the king mentioned the capture of these robbers to the queen, she promptly told him that it proved that dogs were far more capable than his guards.

The following month, the chief minister greatly perturbed, told the king that the treasury was in a bad way, and there was insufficient money to pay the army.

"Good heavens," said the king, looking aghast. "This

is indeed serious. I must go and ask the queen what should be done."

With that the king hurried to the queen's chambers and told her the bad news. "Poof," said the queen, with a shake of her head. "You forget about the dog who caught those robbers. It is all so simple. Disband your silly army and employ dogs to guard the kingdom."

The king thought this was great wisdom, as he rushed back to tell the chief minister the answer to their problems. The chief minister threw up his hands in horror at such an absurdity, and when the army commander was summoned and told to disband the army, he turned on his heels and strode out of the audience chamber without uttering a word.

Collecting a pack of dogs was an easy matter, for the streets were full of homeless mongrels. But training and keeping them in order was a far different matter. They would fight each other at the drop of a bone, and their idea of guarding the kingdom seemed to be raiding the many garbage heaps and scattering the rubbish anywhere and everywhere. The king



turned a deaf ear to any complaints of his canine army, and was quickly enraged if anyone dared to suggest that the queen's ideas were ever at fault.

Still, everything went along all right, until the morning when an excited minister burst into the king's presence and excitedly shouted that an invading army was marching on the city.

At first the king didn't know what to do or say, then he suddenly remembered the dogs, and gave orders for the dogs to be driven out to frighten the invaders away.

Certainly the dogs ran towards the invaders, barking



and snarling, but as soon as the soldiers threw them pieces of meat, the dogs were wagging their tails and greeting the invaders as long lost friends.

When the king heard of this his face fell a foot, and then to crown the agony, the chief minister walked in and calmly announced that an army was at that moment entering the city gates.

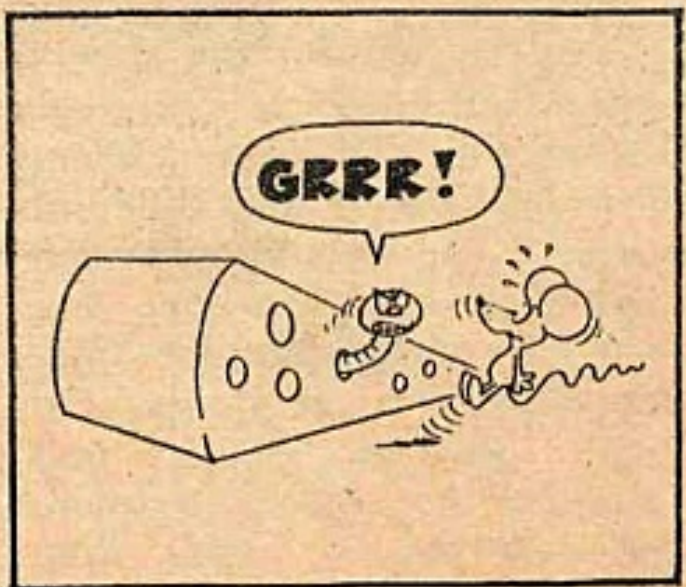
"This is the end," wailed the king as he slowly walked to the balcony, to gaze upon these invaders who had conquered his kingdom. Company after company of foot soldiers, headed by troops of

cavalry, came marching through the city gates, their armour and weapons glistening in the light of the sun.

The king could only stand and stare at this formidable array, and then he frowned, and turning to his chief minister said. "Surely that is my army commander leading the invaders."

"Of course it is," replied the chief minister drily. "And it happens to be your army. You see, Your Majesty, the army was never disbanded, but kept in the hills, well knowing that plenty would try to invade our kingdom if we only possessed an army of dogs."

After that the king always listened to the queen, but he was now wise enough to take the advice of his ministers before he made a decision.



THE FOX AND THE STORK



This Grand tale is based on an old Danish legend and tells of the strange things which happend, all because the fox declared war on the stork.

Once upon a time, two neighbours of the forest, the fox and the stork decided to pool all their food and take it in turns to do the cooking, to save each other work.

Unfortunately, the fox used a pan for cooking and the stork used a pot and when they tried to eat, they grumbled and groaned because the fox could get nothing from the pot and the stork could not eat from the pan. Their tempers grew worse and worse, their friendship ended and war was declared.

When the word went round, men, women and children travelled from all the surrounding

towns and countryside to see this great fight, but at one farm a poor maid had been left all alone to look after the house. She felt very sad about missing the fight and she was lonely and bored.

At last, she made up her mind to slip out and watch. Locking all the doors and windows and putting the key into her pocket, she dashed off through the woods.

Before she had gone very far, she came to a big stream, where the plank had been washed away and she could not cross. As she stood there, wondering what to do, she pulled her handkerchief out and as she did so, the house-key slipped from her pocket into the stream and disappeared.

At once, she fell to her knees

and peered anxiously into the muddy water. If she did not get the key back, her mistress would know that she had been out and she would lose her job. A tear began to roll down her cheek.

"What am I to do," she wailed, "for I will never find the key again. How I wish I had stayed at home and not bothered about the fox and the stork and their silly quarrel."

While she sat there, crying, a mountain-man came up to her. He promised to help her if, on her first-born son's tenth birthday, she either gave him the child or a sack of gold.

The maid agreed at once. She was not really worried because she had no son. She was not even married. All she wanted to do was to get back home before her mistress and as soon as the mountain-man found the key for her, that is what she did. She had forgotten about the fox and the stork completely.



About a year later, the young maid married and soon she gave birth to a son. Then, she remembered about her promise. She realised that to keep the boy from the mountain-man, she would have to start saving very hard indeed.

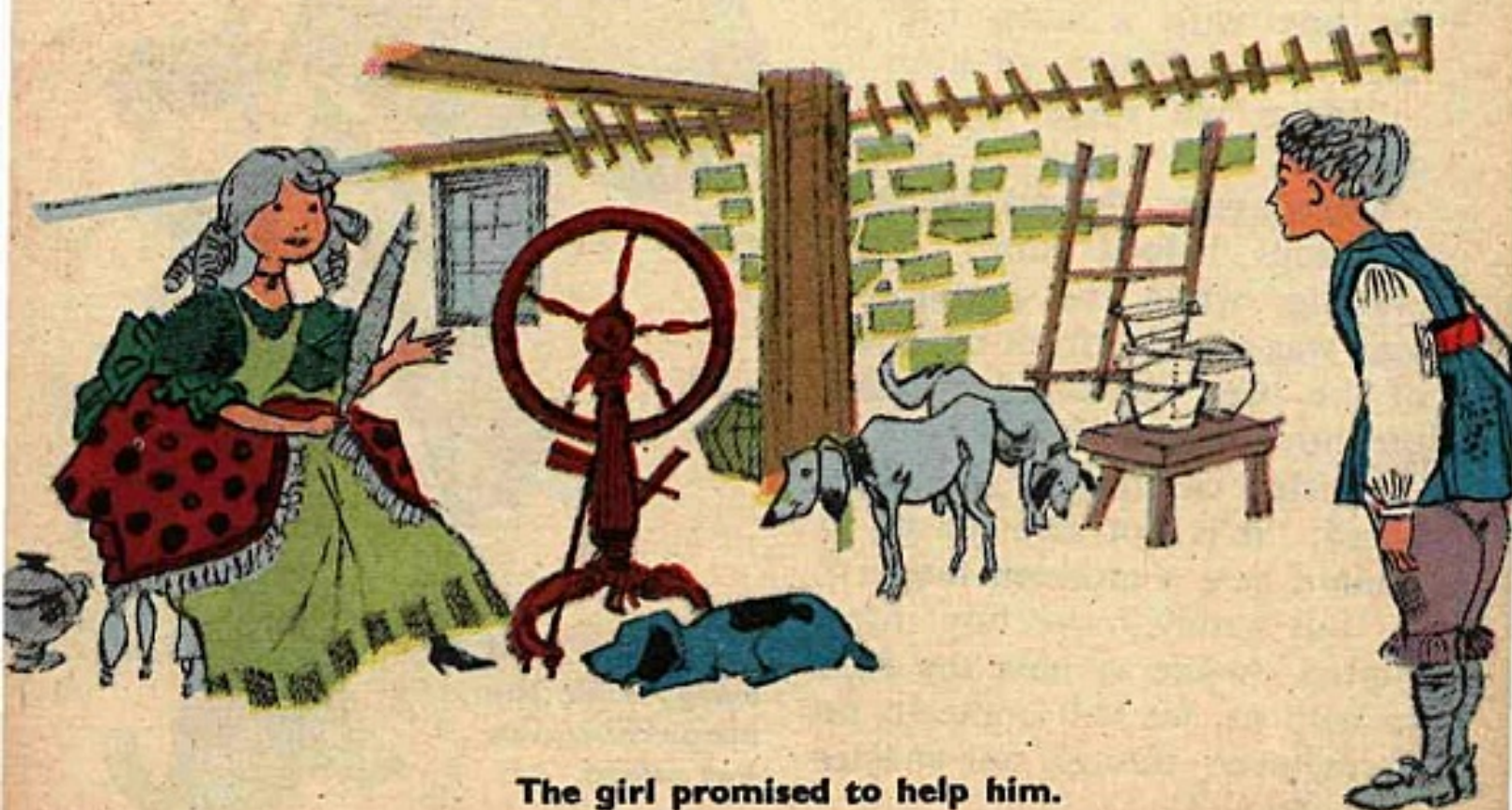
Every spare coin she had, she put into a big sack. If she ever got any extra money, she did not buy luxuries for herself, but put that straight into the sack, too.

However, when the child was about nine and a half, the sack of gold was not even half full. Tearfully, the maid explained

to her son about the mountain-man. He was very brave and told his mother not to worry, he would go with the mountain-man. On the boy's tenth birthday, there was a RAT-A-TAT-TAT on the door. It was the mountain-man, who had come to claim the boy.

The boy went to live with the mountain-man, who treated him very cruelly and gave him impossible tasks to perform. One day he told the boy to clean out the stables.

"If you have not finished by the time I return, I will chop off your head," he told him,



The girl promised to help him.

"and mind you never go behind the big barn."

The boy knew he would never finish in time and so, since he was going to lose his head anyway, he thought he might as well go and see just what was behind the big barn.

There he found a beautiful maiden at a spinning wheel and three dogs. He explained his story to her and at her command the three dogs carried out his tasks for him. When the mountain-man returned, he did not know that the boy had had help and so all was well.

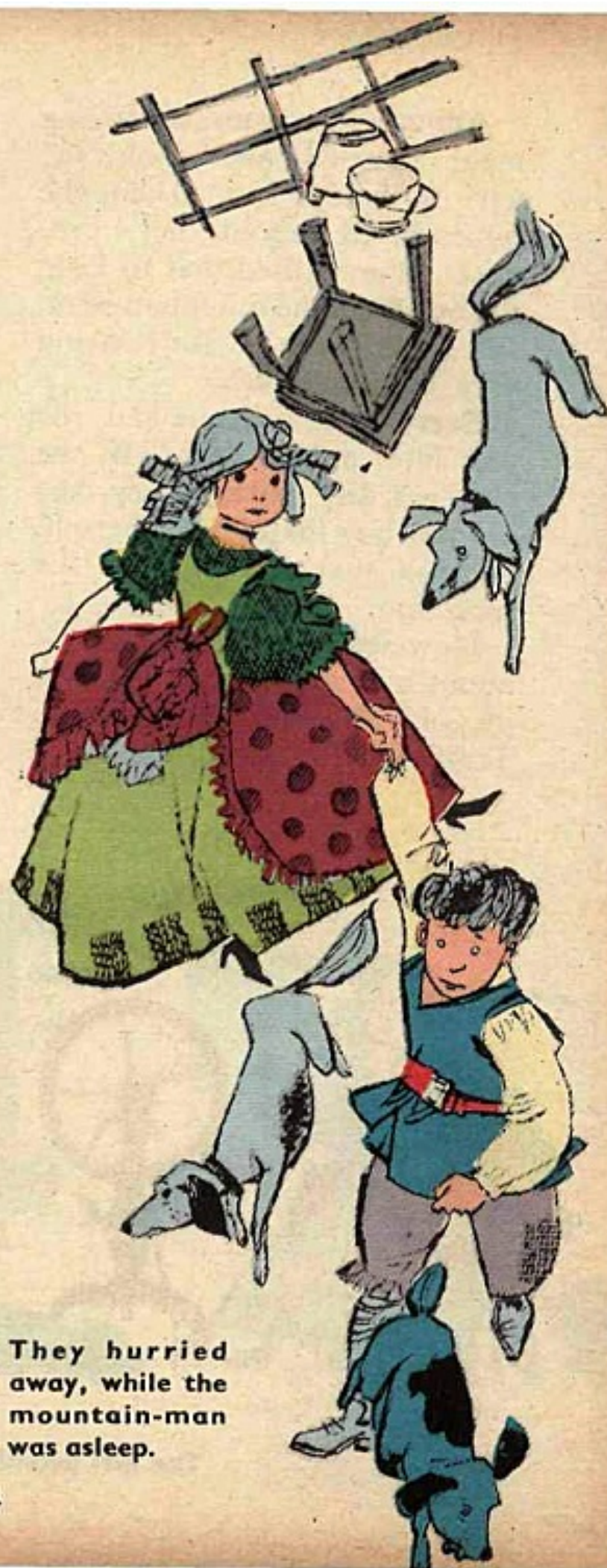
The next day, the mountain-man went out again, leaving the boy with a horn full of malt and a thimble of hops.

"Make me some beer," he ordered.

Once again, the maiden and the dogs helped him. That evening, while the mountain-man was sleeping from the effect of the beer, the maiden called the boy over to her.

"Listen carefully," she whispered, "it is not safe for us to remain here a moment longer."

"But surely," the boy interrupted, "while we have the dogs to help us, we will come to no harm, even though our master is so cruel."



They hurried away, while the mountain-man was asleep.

The girl shook her head. "No, it is not so. Eventually he will cut off our heads anyway, by giving us hard tasks that neither of us could manage, with or without the help of the dogs."

"What shall we do then?" asked the boy, feeling very frightened.

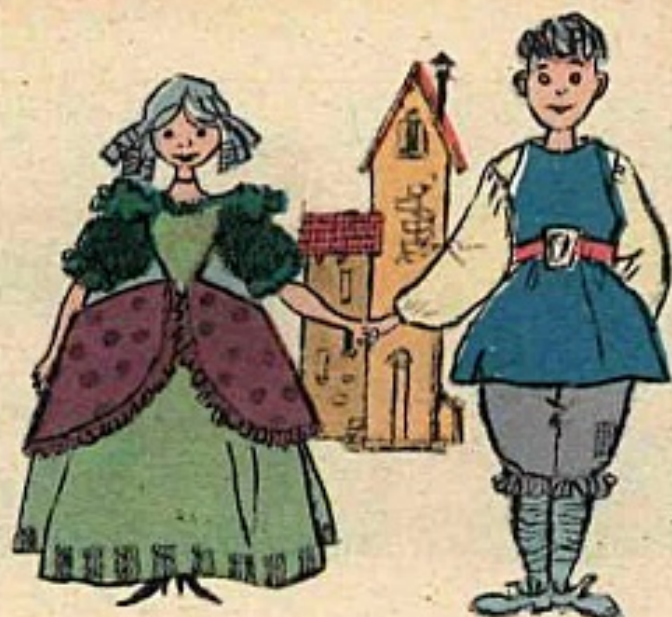
"Do not make a sound," the young maiden whispered back, "for our only chance is to slip away now, while the mountain-man is still asleep. We will hurry down by the old mountain path, for I know the way quite well. It will bring us to safety in the woodlands."

With the three dogs at their heels, the young children ran swiftly from the house, hoping that the mountain-man would not hear them.

They had been running for a long time, when they saw a cloud of steam behind them. "It is the mountain-man," cried the girl, "he must be heading this way." Just at that moment, they came to a bend where the narrow mountain path disappeared completely.

"We are trapped," sighed the boy. "We will have to go back and live with the mountain-man."

However, the young maiden



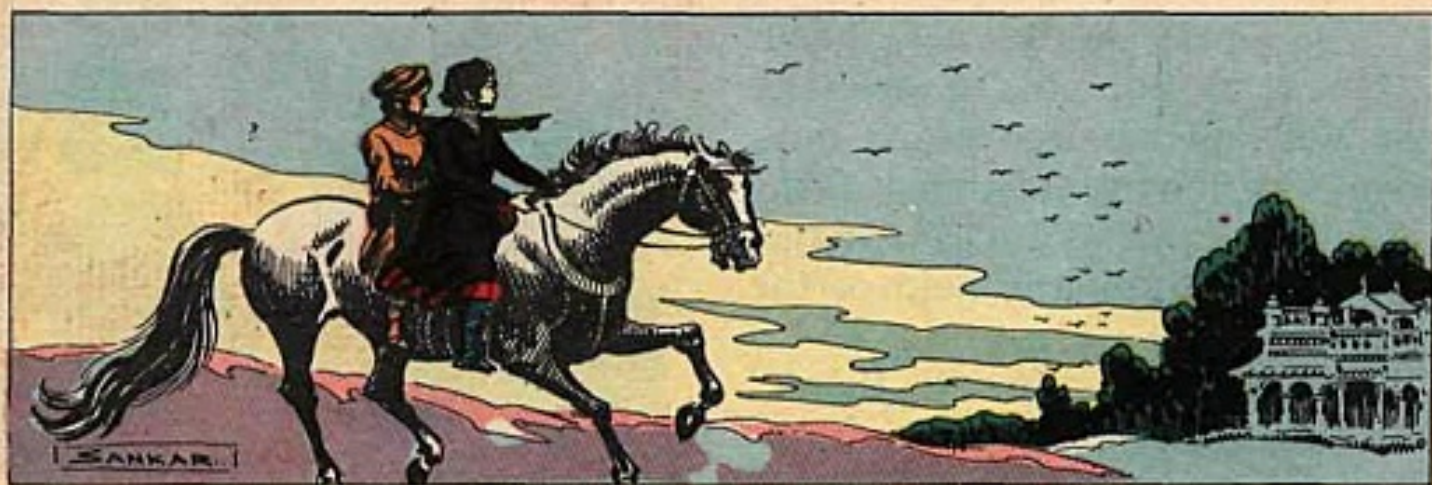
had an idea. "Listen," she said, "pluck one hair from your head and one from mine, throw yours to the right and mine to the left, so that you may become a tree and me a bird, singing in the branches."

The boy did this and at once their wish was fulfilled.

Minutes later, the mountain-man came hurtling down the path, round the bend and, not being able to stop, crashed over the mountainside, never to be seen again.

The "tree" and the "bird" became the boy and the young maiden once more and went to live in a little woodland cottage with the three dogs and there they were very happy.

Remember, all these strange things happened because, long ago, the fox and the stork declared war on each other.



Ranga the Wise

King Devanaya had only recently come to the throne. The youthful king resolved to rule his kingdom with justice for rich and poor alike, but if anything, the new king was far too trusting, and as always, there were far too many eager to take advantage of the king's generosity.

Every morning the palace courtyard was crowded with beggars, and the king's servants went round carrying trays loaded with silver coin, and each beggar was handed five coins. Of course, most of the beggars turned up every morning, so they soon became quite affluent. They would stand and shout their praises of their

monarch, and swore to make any sacrifice to help the king.

But then the beggars were not as bad as the nobles, who full of great schemes to enrich themselves, borrowed lavishly from the king, promising by all that was holy, to repay the loans whenever the king wished.

Yet, there was one at court who considered that the king was extremely foolish and far too trusting. This was Ranga, the keeper of the royal treasury. Ranga was the only son of an impoverished noble family of Golconda, who had set out to make his own way in life. The king had taken an immediate liking to Ranga, and had no qualms in making him the

keeper of the treasury.

Ranga would often remonstrate with the king on the huge sums that had been lent to the nobles, and the cost of giving so much money to beggars, who merely came back for more. But the king laughed at Ranga's pleas and told him that all these people were good friends, and all the loans would certainly be repaid.

As time went by, the king seemed to become more and more besotted with the idea that loaning money was the firm foundation to friendship, until one morning Ranga blurted out, "It is time you realised Your Majesty, that these so-called friends will never repay their debts."

The king looked astonished at Ranga's outburst. "You misjudge my nobles," he said sternly. "I know they would gladly give me everything they possess for the asking."

That night the king was holding a banquet, and during the meal, turned to one of his nobles and in a jocular tone said. "My treasurer has been trying to convince me that you people will never repay the monies you have borrowed."

"Your treasurer is not to be



trusted," replied the noble haughtily. "Everyone here knows that scoundrel has been robbing the treasury for years."

Next morning the king sent for Ranga and said, "My nobles accuse you of taking money from the treasury. Is this true?"

"I admit I have been taking money," replied Ranga. "But one day I will explain why."

"I will not listen to any explanation," said the king. "You are dismissed from my court. Go."

A new treasurer was appointed, and things went on as before, till the day came

when the treasurer with a long face, went to the king and bemoaned. "Your Majesty, the treasury is empty. Even the servants cannot be paid."

At first the king was horrified, then he remembered all that was owing by the nobles, so he commanded that the nobles who were in his debt, should attend the court immediately. When the nobles were assembled, the king explained that the treasury sorely needed money, so the nobles must repay what they owed.

There was an immediate outcry. "I took it for granted that the money was a gift," said one of them. "I have no money," said another. And one voice shouted. "It is a scandal that your treasury is empty. You gave too much money to all the beggars."

The king sadly disillusioned, waved the nobles away, and with a heavy heart wandered out into the palace grounds, his faith shaken in mankind.

Hearing a shout, the king turned to see a horseman riding towards him. Good heavens! It was Ranga who he had dismissed for robbing the treasury.

"I have heard the sorry news, Your Majesty," said Ranga dis-

mounting. "Now I can explain. I took large sums of money from the treasury, and kept them safe in a house I built the other side of the river, knowing the day would come when you would need money. So mount this horse, and I will lead you to the wealth you never knew you possessed."

The king was astonished at this change in events. "Let us both ride on this horse," he cried. "If what you say is true, you have saved my kingdom."

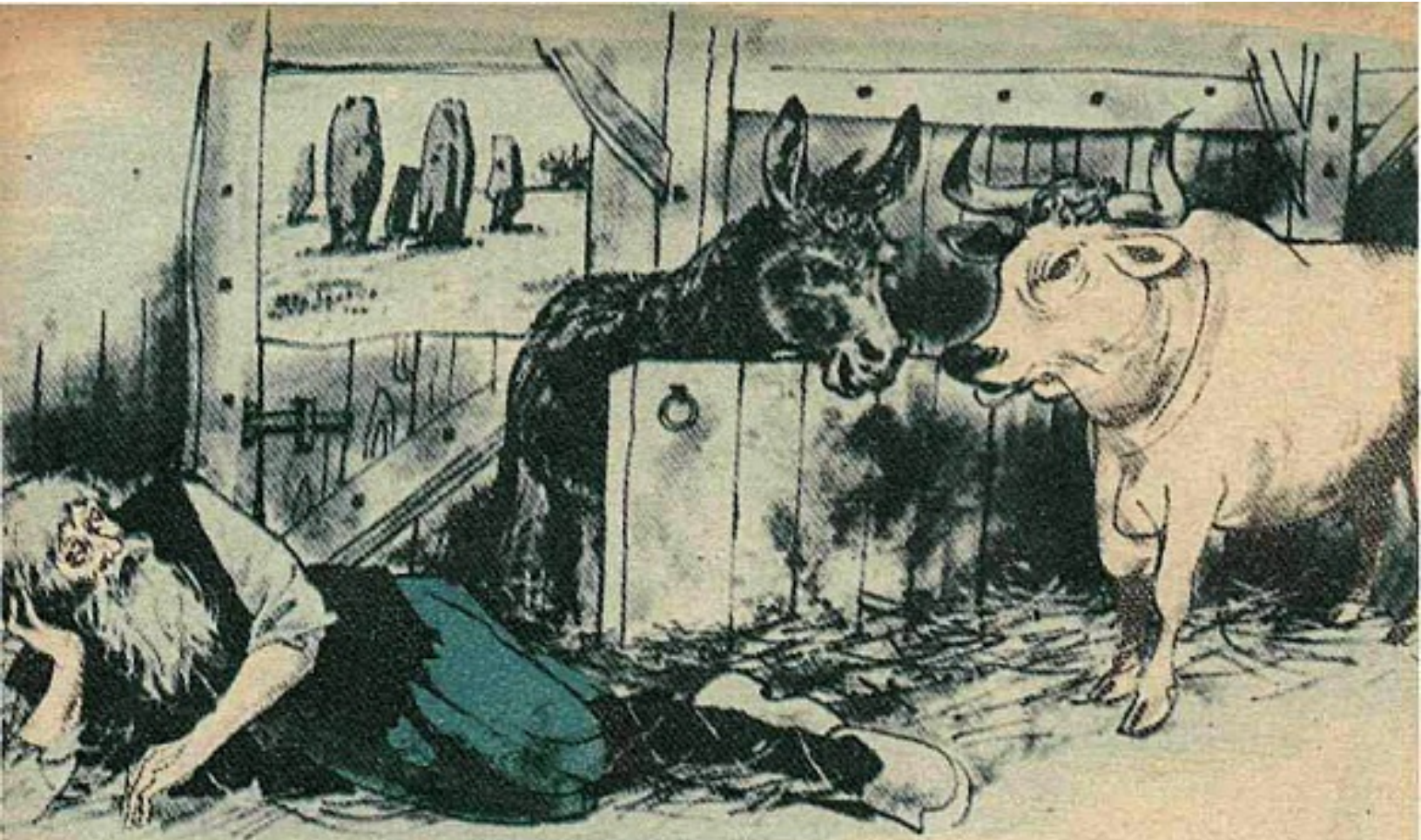
The wise Ranga had saved part of the king's wealth from disappearing into the pockets of his grasping nobles. From that day onwards, the king was a far wiser man. With Ranga to guide him, the nobles were made to repay their debts, or forfeit their lands and possessions.

RIDDLES

1. What is taken before you receive it?
2. Why is the word "Yes" rather ignorant?
3. What is the difference between a bad sleeper and a butcher?

ANSWERS

1. Your photograph. 2. Because it
No's (knows) nothing. 3. One stays
awake, the other weighs a steak.



THE WALKING STONES

Near the little town of Plouhinec, in Brittany, there stands a group of huge stones. Country folk will tell you that they were put there long ago by the fairy dwarfs and under the stones, the dwarfs hid their treasure.

Many years ago, a farmer and his sister lived on the edge of the moor, near Plouhinec. The farmer was very wealthy, for his farm was a prosperous one and his sister, Rosanna, was a very pretty girl, courted by all the young men from the

nearby town. However, she would have none of them, for she had fallen in love with Bernez, a young man who worked on her brother's farm.

Bernez was strong and handsome and he was a willing worker, but he was very poor and when Bernez told the farmer that he wanted to marry Rosanna, the farmer only laughed. "Show me first your pockets full of gold," he said.

Bernez went sadly away, for he knew that he did not have even a pocket full of coppers.

On Christmas Eve the farmer gave a fine feast for all his workers, as was the custom. In the middle of the merriment, there came a knock at the door and an old tramp appeared asking for food and shelter.

He was a sly old rogue, but as it was Christmas he was given a seat by the fire and after supper, the farmer offered him a bed in the stable.

The old-tramp settled down on the warm straw and as he was falling asleep, midnight, struck.

Now at midnight, on Christmas Eve, all the animals in a

stable can talk to each other, in memory of the very first Christmas Eve in Bethlehem.

"What a cold night it is," the old tramp heard the donkey say suddenly. In an instant he was wide awake, but he was cunning and kept his eyes closed, pretending to be fast asleep, for he wanted to know what was going on.

"No colder than it will be on New Year's Eve," replied the ox. "Then the stones of Plouhinec will go down to the river to drink, as they do once every hundred years."

"If only this old man snoring here on the straw knew what we know, he would be sure to go there," said the donkey, "for the stones leave their treasure uncovered and he could fill his pockets with gold."

"Little good it would do him," said the ox. "Without a bunch of crowsfoot and a five-leaved trefoil in his hand, the stones would crush him when they returned."

"True," brayed the donkey, "but even those would not be enough, for unless he offers a Christian soul in return, the treasure will turn to dust before morning."

"Crowsfoot is easy enough to



find and a man who searches long enough may find a five-leaved trefoil, but who could persuade a Christian soul to die for him, so that he could fill his pockets full of treasure?" asked the ox. Then the animals fell silent.

Next morning, the tramp was up and away at first light, searching the countryside for crows-foot and trefoil. The crowfoot he soon found, but only on the last day but one of the old year did he find a trefoil with five leaves, instead of three. Then he hurried back to the stones of Plouhinec.

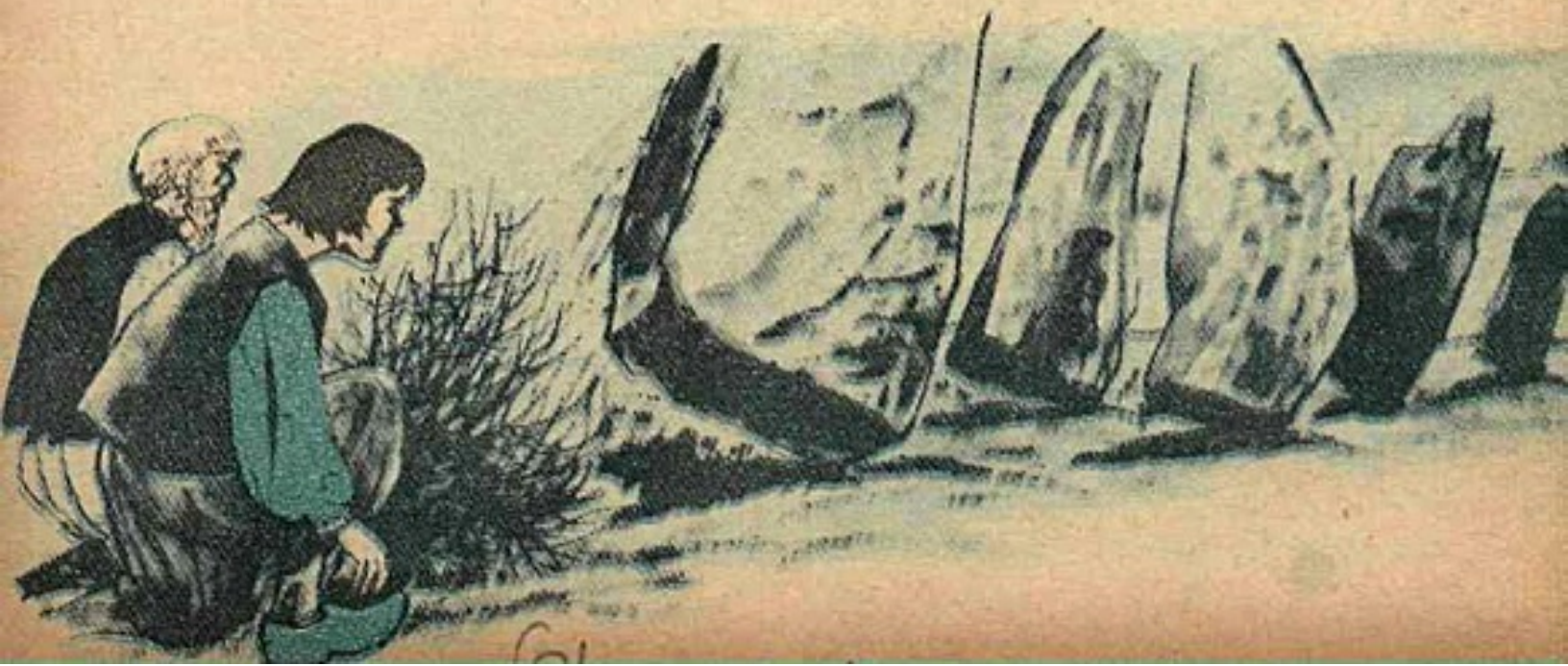
Beside the largest stone he found Bernez. The young man had brought his lunch of bread and cheese to eat and he was sitting dreaming of Rosanna and idly carving a cross on the stone.

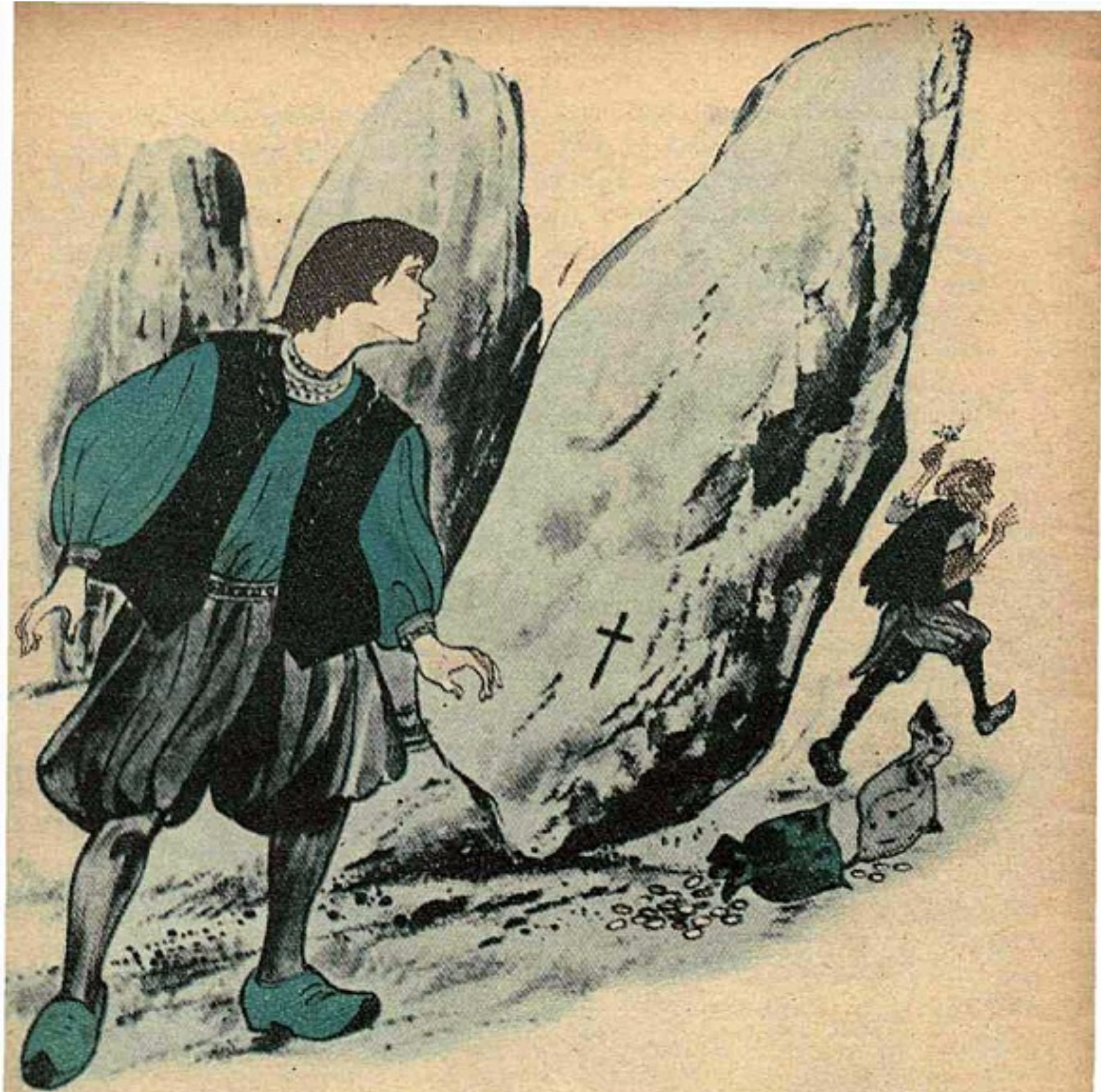
Watching him, the tramp remembered that he had seen him at the farm. He remembered, too, how the young man had gazed adoringly at the lovely Rosanna and an idea came into his head.

"What are you doing?" asked the tramp.

"I am carving a cross on this stone," smiled Bernez. "Perhaps it will bring help and comfort to someone some day, but now it is almost time for me to start work once more."

"Work," said the tramp. "What do you get from that but an aching back? You will never make your fortune that way, but what would you say to having your pockets filled with gold?" Then he told Bernez all that the donkey and the ox had said, except the part about the plants and the Chris-





tian soul. "You are a good friend," said Bernez. "I will meet you here before midnight".

That night, Bernez and the tramp were waiting on the lonely moor. At the stroke of mid-

night, the stones heaved themselves out of their holes in the ground and with a mighty rumbling made their way to the river to drink.

At once, Bernez and the tramp rushed over to the holes where

they had stood and began to fill their pockets with the treasure.

It seemed no time at all before they heard the rumbling again and knew that the stones were returning.

"Quickly," cried Bernez. "Let us escape or we shall be crushed."

"Not I," laughed the tramp. "I have the magic herbs to protect me, but you cannot escape. It is just as well, for unless a Christian soul is given in return, my treasure will turn to dust by morning."

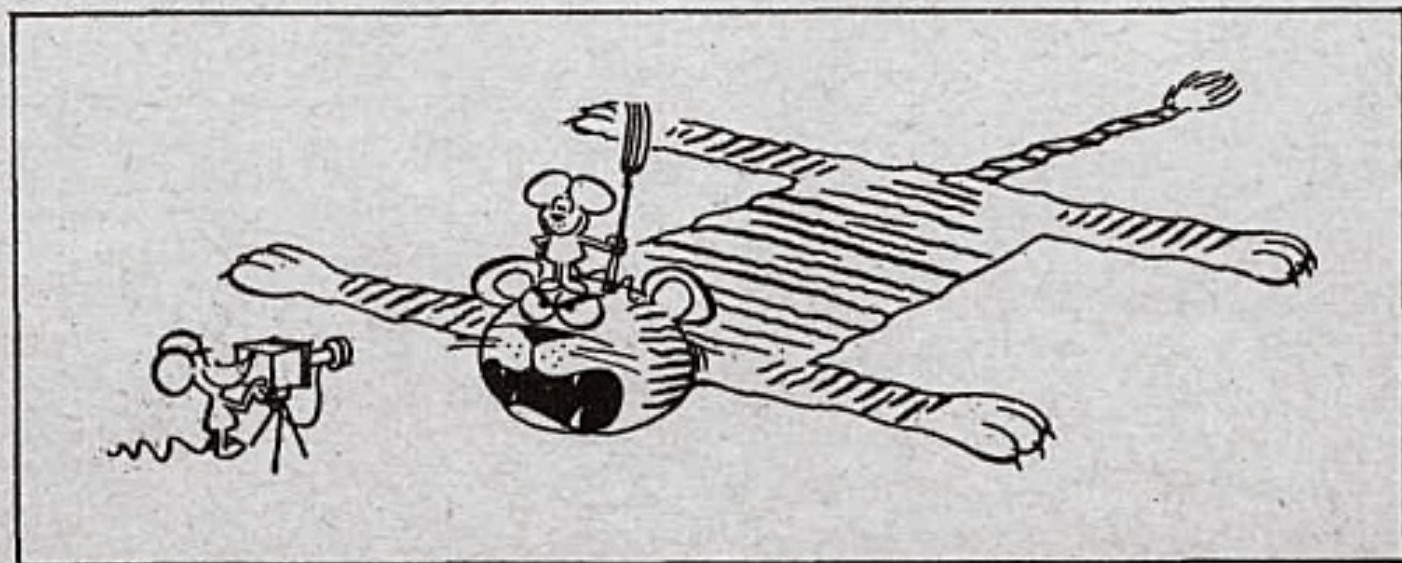
Bernez gave a cry of despair. He saw the tramp wave the magic plants and the stones move aside as they reached him. Then they closed together again and went on towards Bernez.

The young man saw the largest stone of all bearing down on

him and he was too frightened to try to escape, but as it reached him, it stopped. It stood there, protecting him from the other stones, which had to move aside as they passed him. To his amazement, Bernez saw that he was being protected by the stone on which he had carved the cross.

Only when all the other stones were in their places, did the big stone move towards its own place. On its way, it came to the tramp. He waved his plants at it, but because of the cross carved on its side, the plants no longer had their magic power and the stone went on, unheeding, crushing the tramp.

Bernez ran back home as fast as he could, trembling with fear, but next morning he had pockets full of gold to show the farmer, and the wedding was arranged at once.



Learning to look after himself...



One way to avoid a blow is to step back or sideways. Or, dodge back from the waist.



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trick he's doing
That's how he puts
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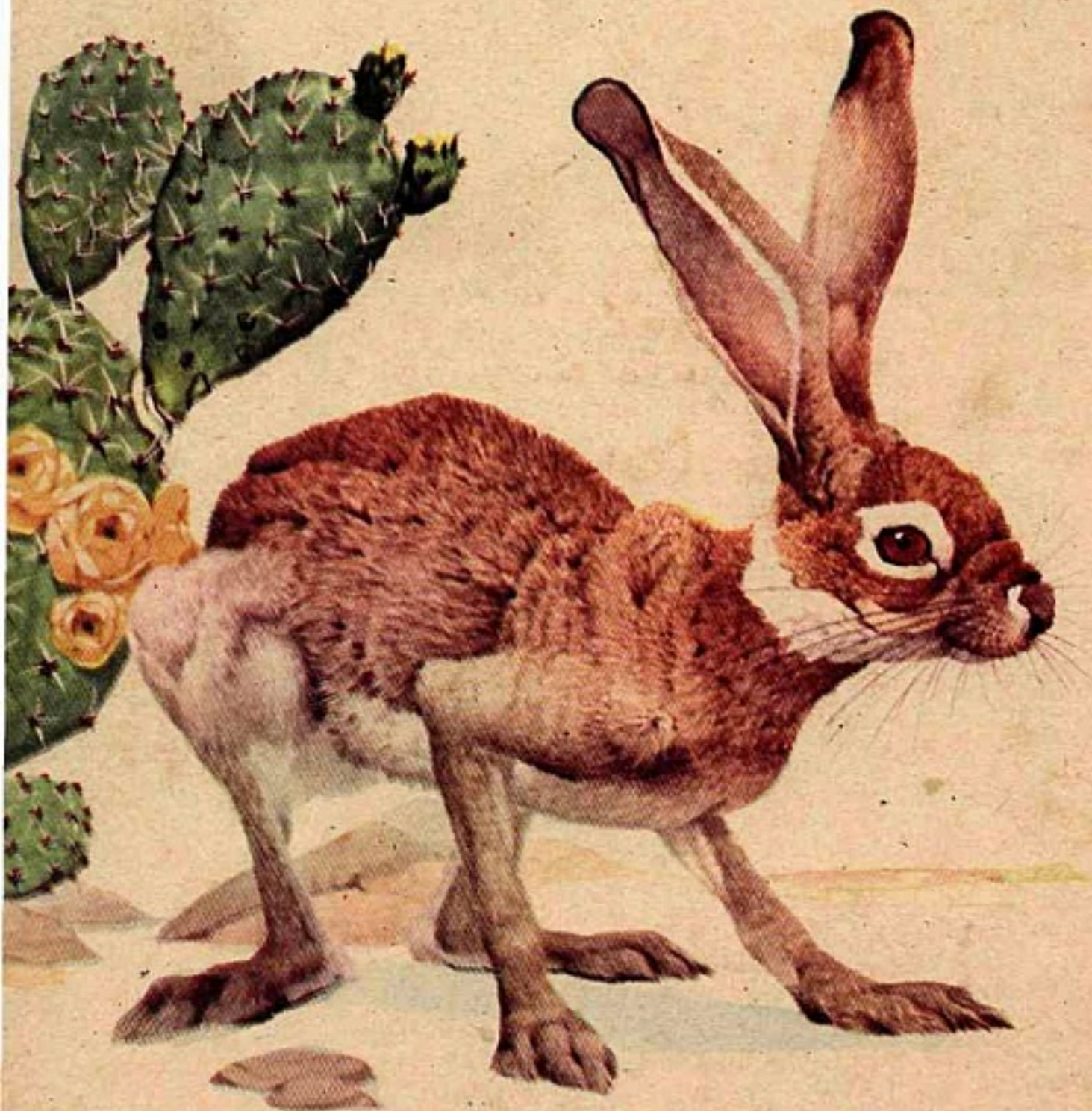
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Wild Life



for Jackass Hare which lives in Western America. It roams the dry regions, feeding on grass and small plants. When it wants